

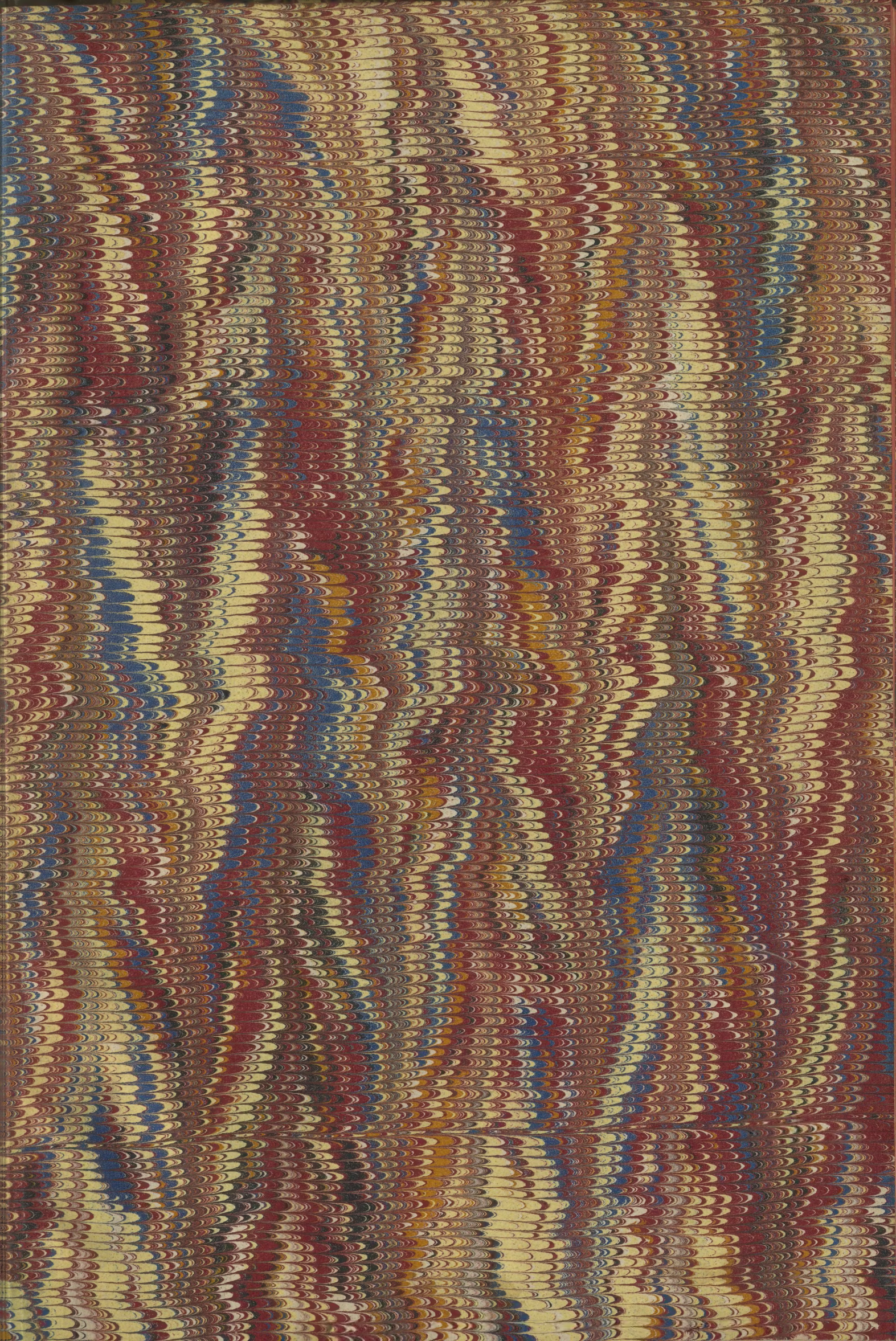
I.G. 21

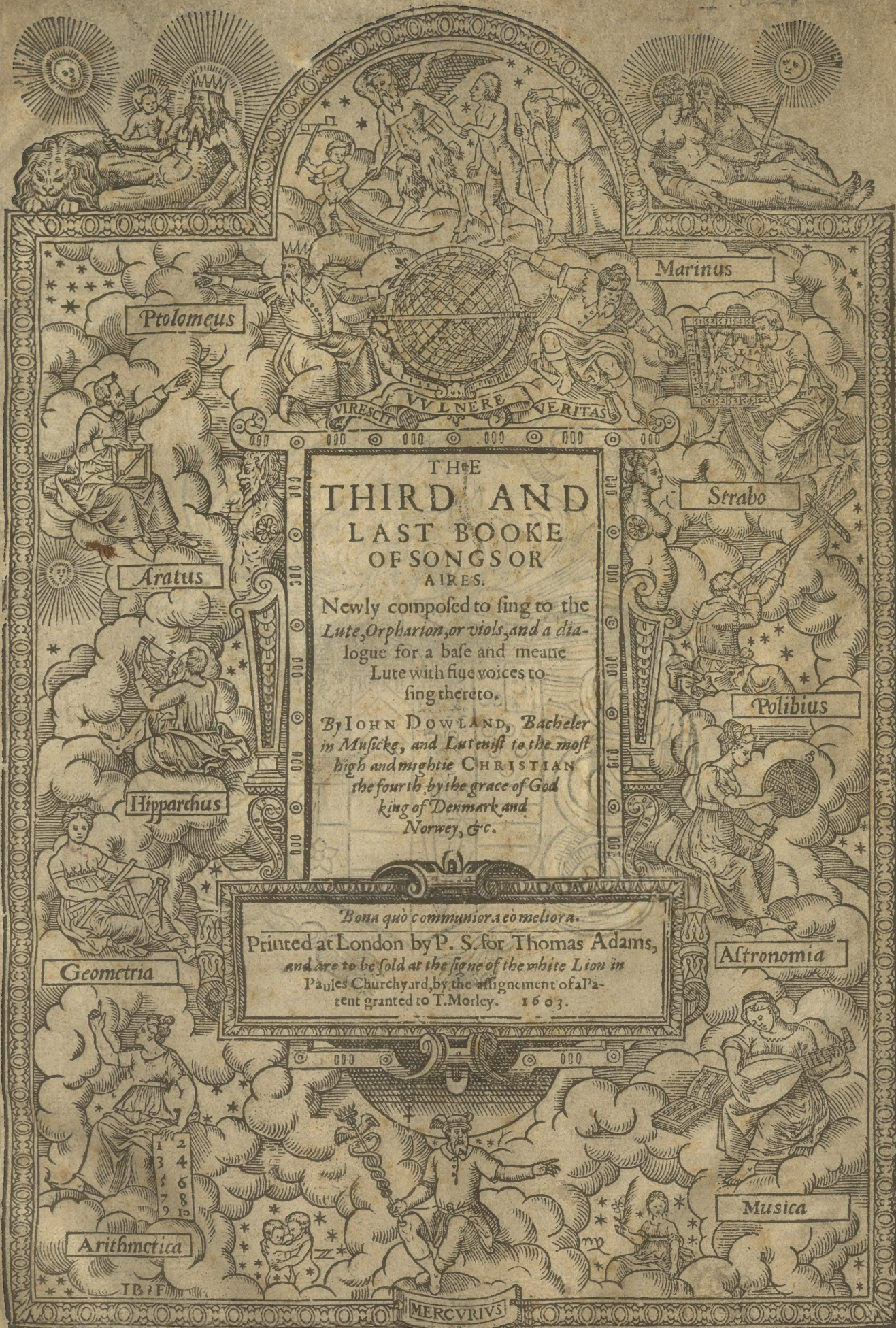
I.G. 21

207
1146









THE
THIRD AND
LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR
AIRES.

Newly composed to sing to the
Lute, Orpharion, or viols, and a dia-
logue for a base and meane
Lute with five voices to
sing thereto.

By JOHN DOWLAND, Bachelor
in Musicke, and Lutenist to the most
high and mightie CHRISTIAN
the fourth by the grace of God
king of Denmark and
Norway, &c.

Bona quo communiora eo meliora.

Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Adams,
and are to be sold at the signe of the white Lion in
Paules Churchyard, by the assignement of a Pa-
rent granted to T. Morley. 1663.

19960207405

Генерал 297

D45





TO MY HONORABLE GOOD FRIEND

John Souch Esquire, for many curtesies for which I imbolden my selfe, presuming of his good fauour, to present this simple worke, as a token of my thanketulnes.



THE estimation and kindnes which I haue euer bountiffully receiued from your fauour, haue mooued me to present this nouelty of musick to you, who of al others are fittest to iudge of it, and worthiest out of your loue to protect it. If I gaue life to these, you gaue spirit to me; for it is alwaies the worthy respect of others that makes arte prosper in it selfe. That I may therefore professe, and make manifest to the world both your singular affection to me, and my gratefull minde in my weake ability to you, I haue here prefixt your honourable name, as a bulwark of safetie, and a title of grace, thinking my selfe no way able to deserue your fauours more, then by farther engaging my selfe to you for this your noble presumed patronage. He that hath acknowledged a fauour, they say, hath halfe repaide it: and if such payment may passe for currant, I shal be euer readie to grow the one halfe out of your debt, though how that should be I knowe not, since I owe my selfe (and more, if it were possible) vnto you. Accept me wholly then I beseech you, in what tearmes you please, being euer in my vttermost seruice

Deuoted to your Honours kindnesse,

JOHN DOWLAND.



The Epistle to the Reader.

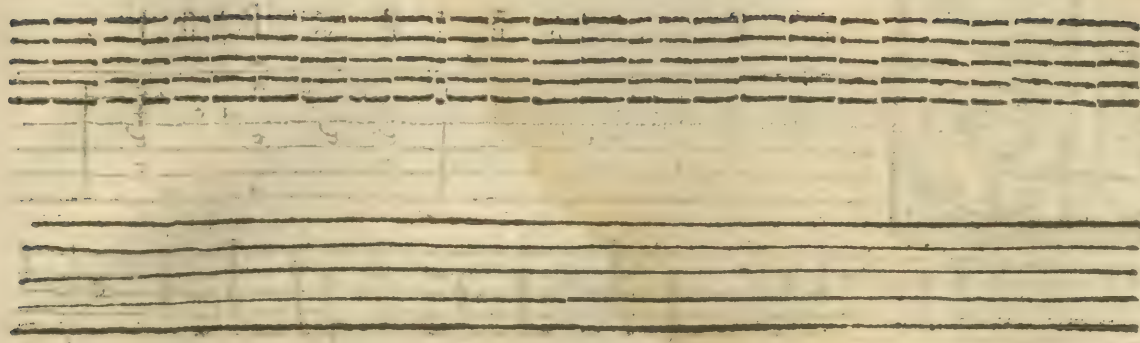


THE applause of them that iudge, is the encouragement of those that write : My first two bookes of aires speed so well that they haue produced a third, which they haue fetcht far from home, and brought euē through the most perilous seas, where hauing escapt so many sharpe rocks, I hope they shall not be wrackt on land by curious and biting censures. As in a hie of bees al labour alike to lay up honny opposing them selues against none but fruitles drones ; so in the house of learning and fame, all good indeuourers should strue to ad somewhat that is good, not malicing one an other, but altogether bandying against the idle and malicious ignorant. My labours for my part I freely offer to euerie mans iudgement, presuming, that fauour once attayned, is more easily encreased then lost.

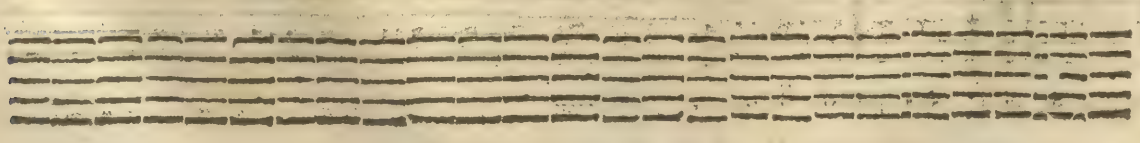
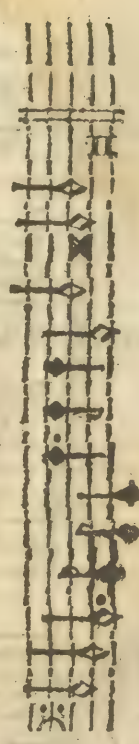
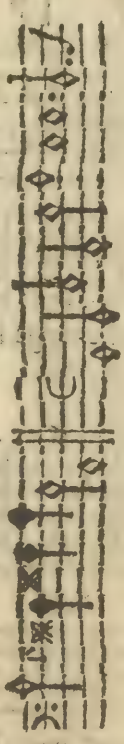
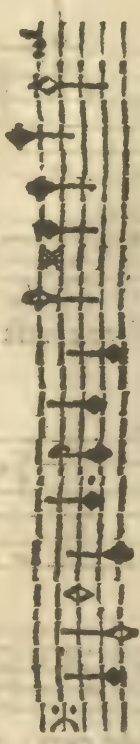
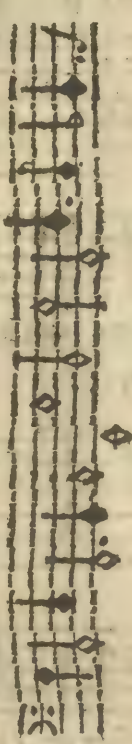
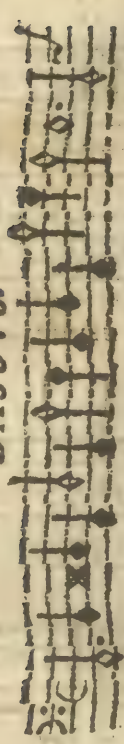
JOHN DOWLAND.

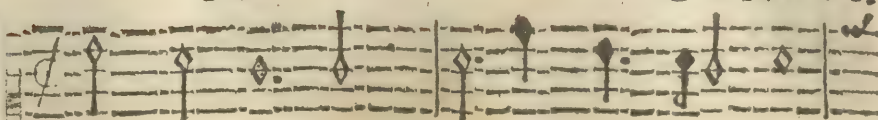
A Table of all the Songs contained in
this Booke.

- I. **F**arewell too faire.
- II. Time stands still.
- III. Behold a wonder heere.
- IIII. Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing.
- V. Me me and none but me.
- VI. When Phoebus first did Daphne loue.
- VII. Say loue if euer thou didst finde.
- VIII. Flow not so fast ye fountaines.
- IX. What if I neuer speede.
- X. Loue stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine.
- XI. Lend your eares to my sorrow good people.
- XII. By a fountaine where I lay.
- XIII. Oh what hath ouerwrought my all amazed thought.
- XIIII. Farewell vnkind farewell.
- XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines.
- XVI. Fie on this faining, is loue without desire.
- XVII. I must complaine, yet doe enioy.
- XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake.
- XIX. The lowest trees haue tops.
- XX. What poore Astronomers are they.
- XXI. Come when I call, or tarrie till I come.

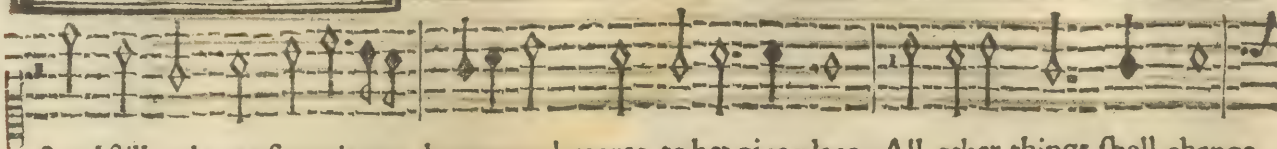
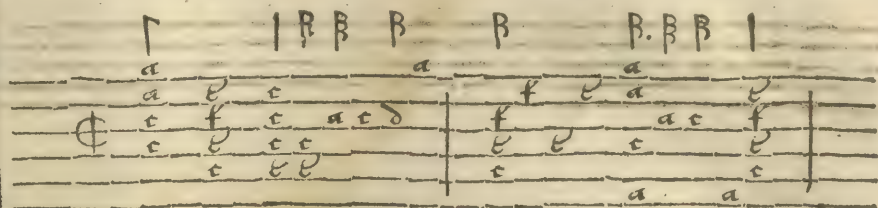


BASSVS.

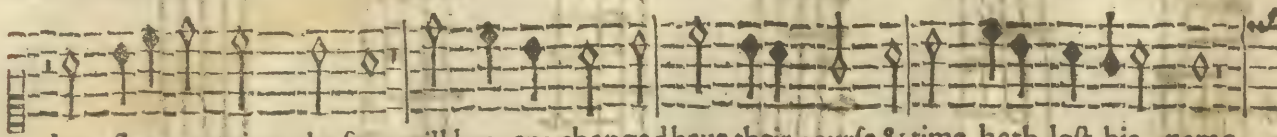
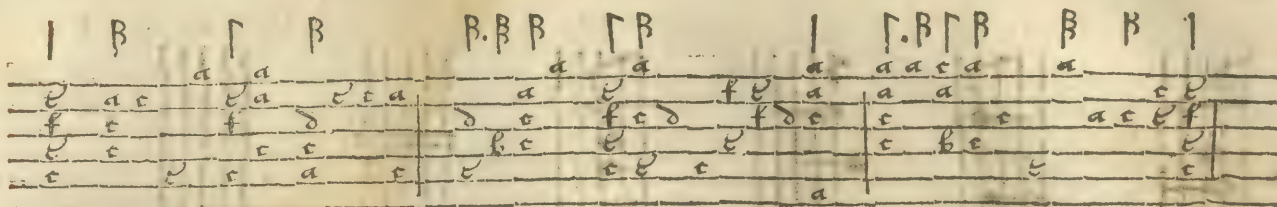




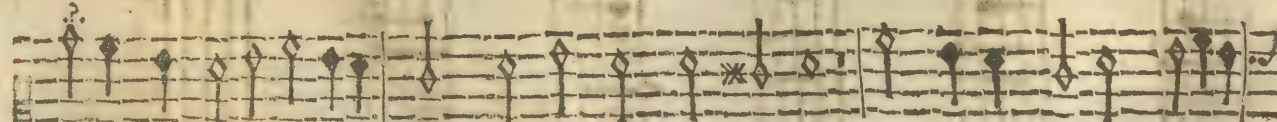
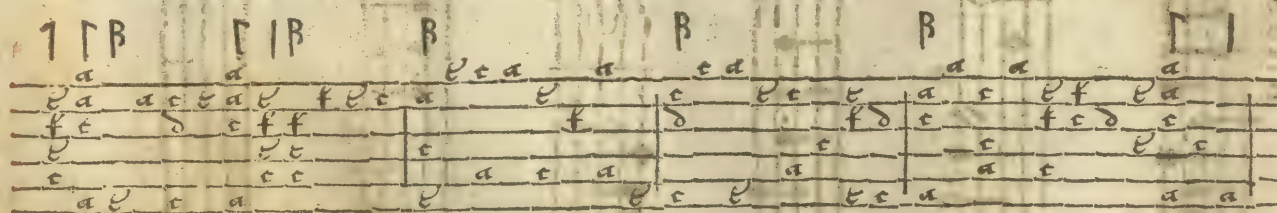
Time stands still with ga-zing on her face,



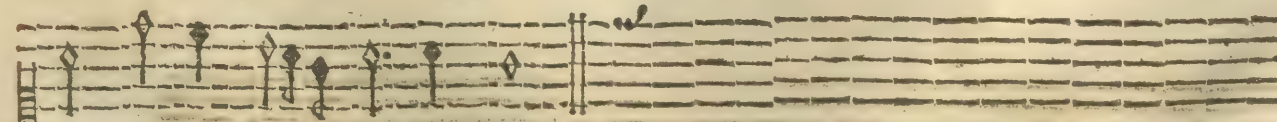
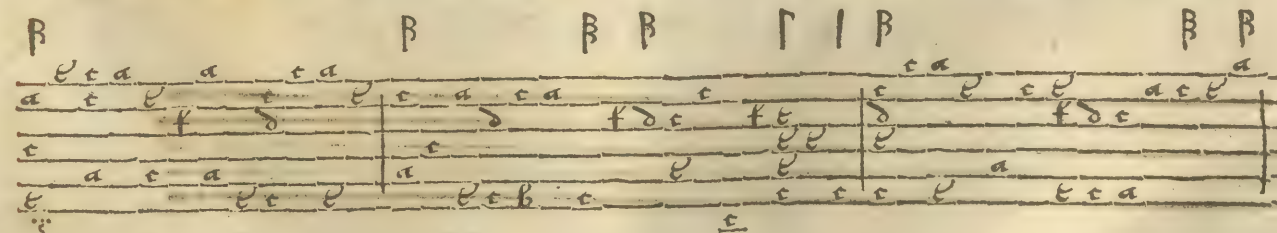
stand still and gaze for minutes, houres and yeares, to her giue place: All other things shall change,



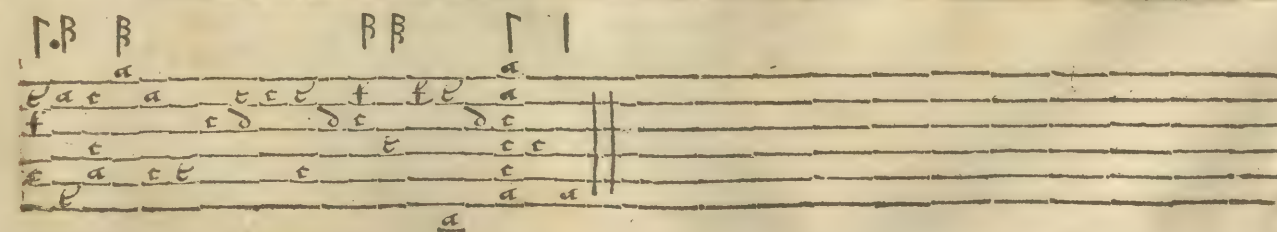
but shee remains the same, till heauens changed haue their course & time hath lost his name.



Cupid doth houer vp and downe blinded with her faire eyes, and fortune captiue at her

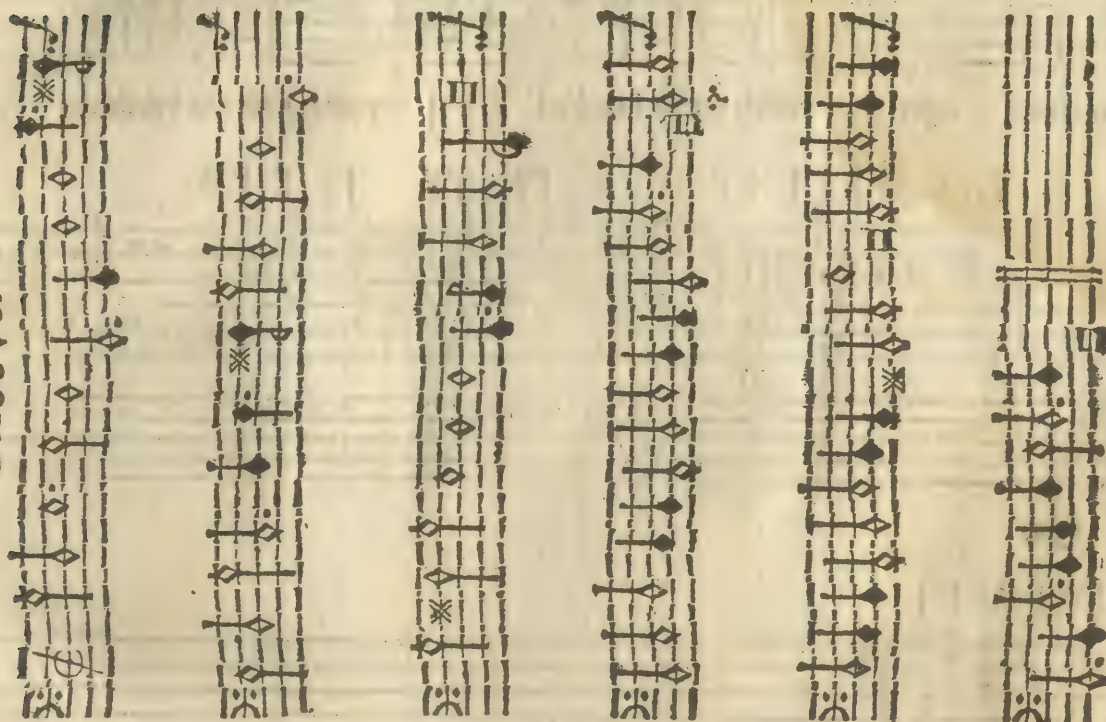


feete contem'd and conquerd lies.

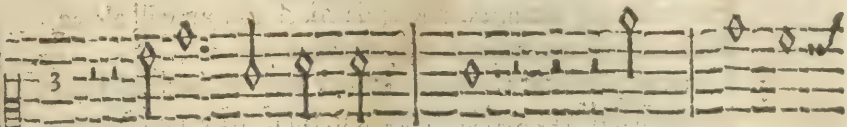


When fortune, loue, and time attend on
 Her with my fortunes, loue, and time, I honour will alone,
 If bloudlesse enuie say, dutie hath no desert.
 Dutie replies that enuie knowes her selfe his faithfull heart,
 My setled vowes and spotlesse faith no fortune can remoue,
 Courage shall shew my inward faith, and faith shall trie my loue.

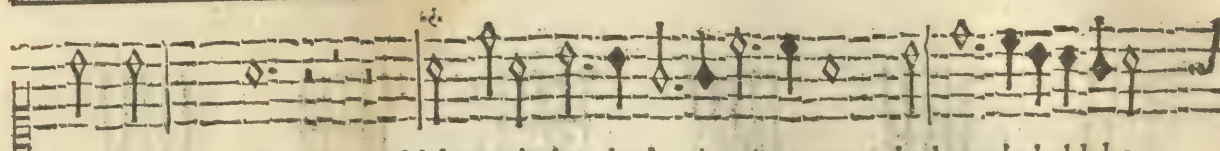
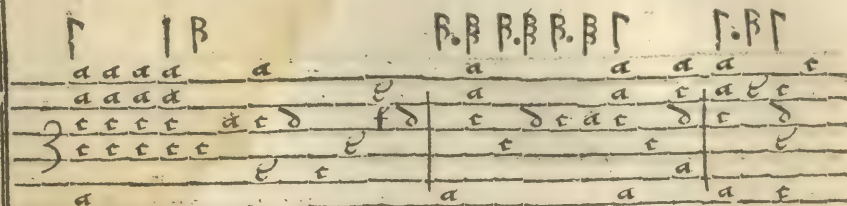
BASSVS.



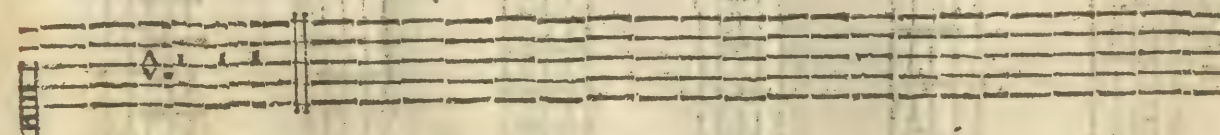
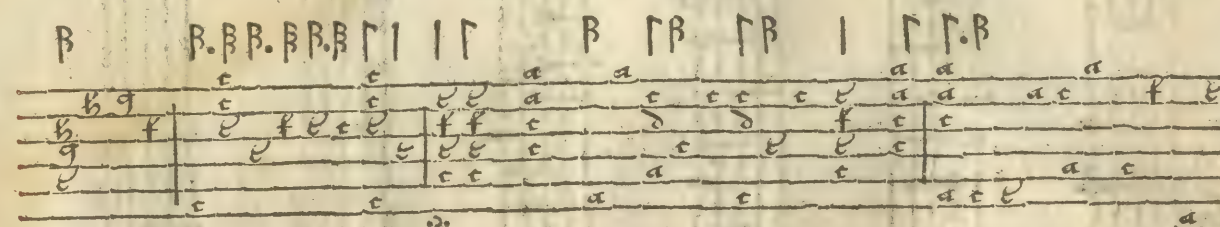
III. CANTVS.



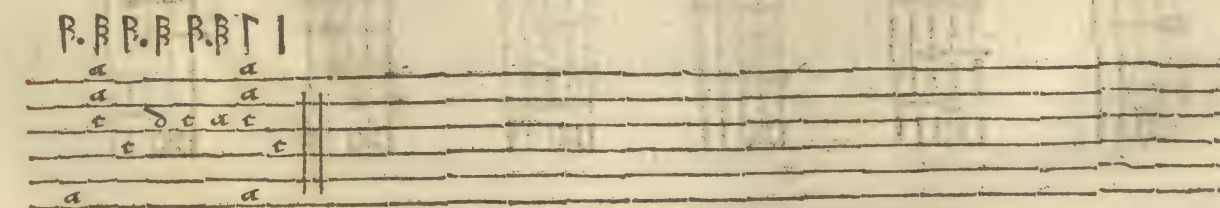
Ehold a wonder here Loue hath re-



ceiur'd his sight which manie hundred :||: yeares, hath not beheld the



light.



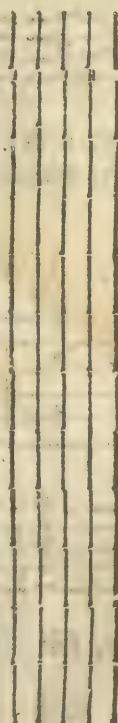
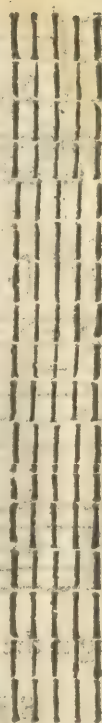
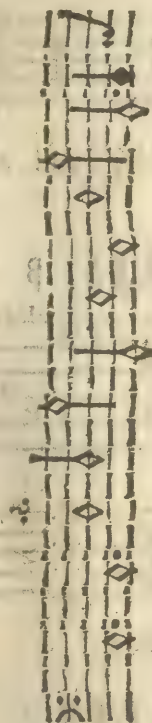
2 Such beames infused be
By *Cinthia* in his eyes,
As first haue made him see,
And then haue made him wise.

4 So powrefull is the beautie
That Loue doth now behold,
As loue is turn'd to dutie,
That's neither blind nor bold.

3 Loue now no more will weepe
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleepe,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

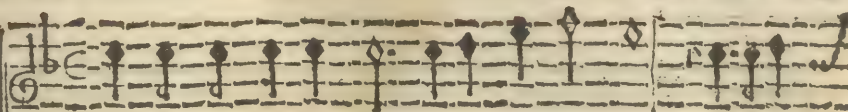
5 This Beautie shewes her might,
To be of double kind,
In giuing loue his sight
And striking folly blind.

BASSVS.

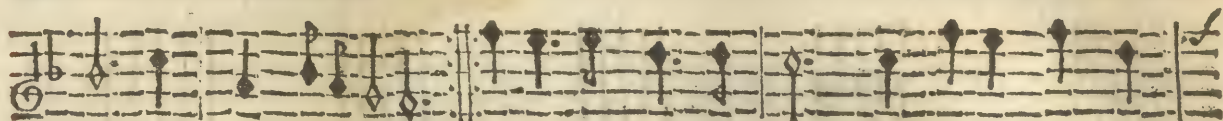
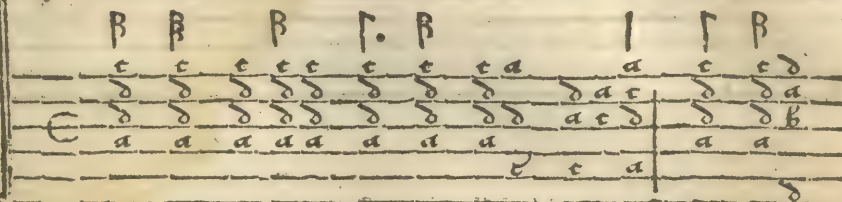


III.

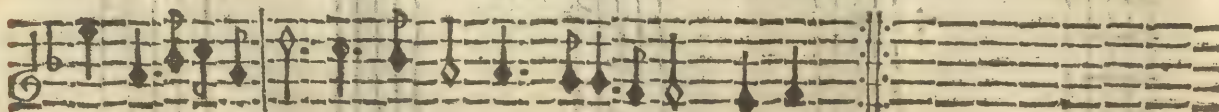
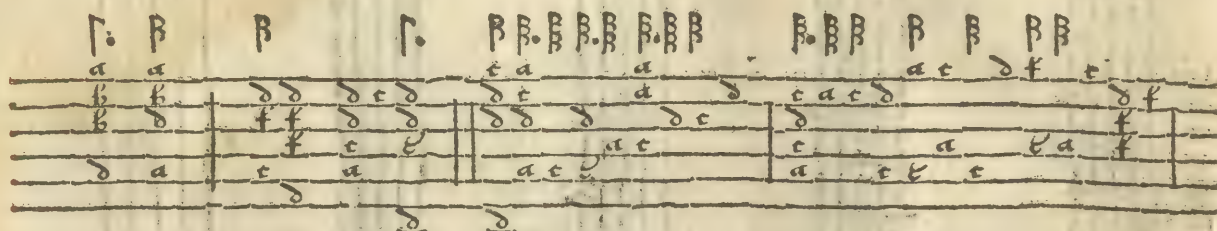
CANTVS.



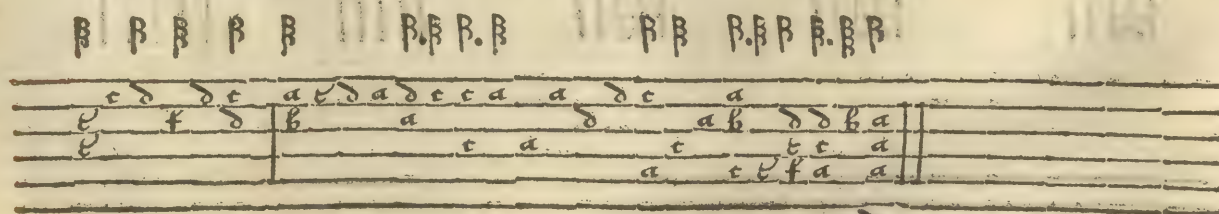
Aphne was not so chaste as she was changing, Soon begun
he that to day triumphs with fauors graced, fals before



Loue with hate estranging: Yet is thy beautie fainde, and eu'rie one de-
night with scornes de-fa-ced:

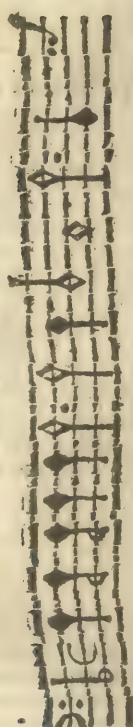


fires, still the false light the false light of thy traiterous fires.

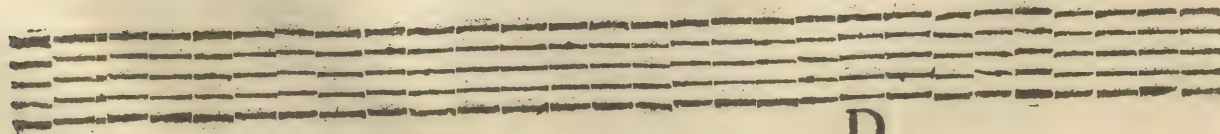
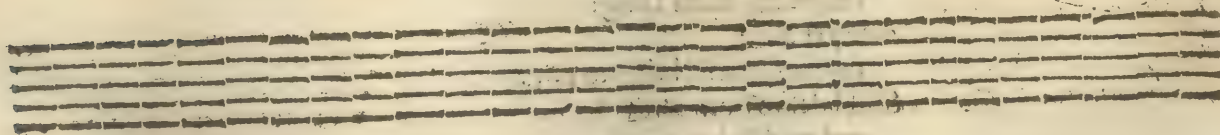
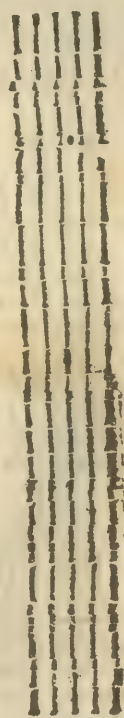
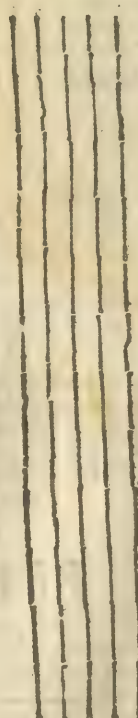
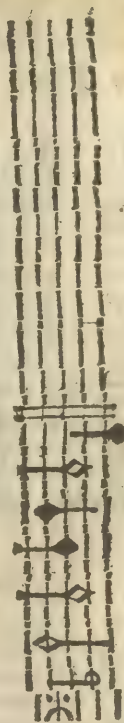
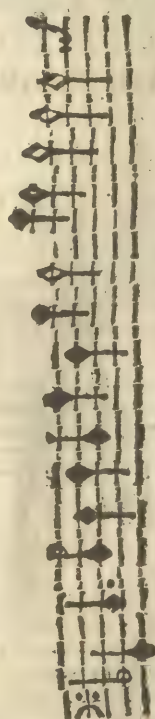
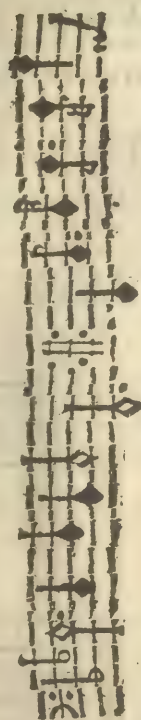


Beautie can want no grace by true loue viewed,
Fancie by lookes is still renewed:
Like to a fruitfull tree it euer groweth,
Or the fresh-spring that endlesse floweth.
But if that beautie were of one consent with loue,
Loue should liue free, and true pleasure proue.

BASSVS.



Daphne.



D

V.

CANTVS



E me and none but me, dart home O gentle death and quicklie, for I draw too

B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

long this idle breath : O howe I long till I may fly to heauen aboue, vnto my faithfull

B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

||:

and beloued turtle doue,

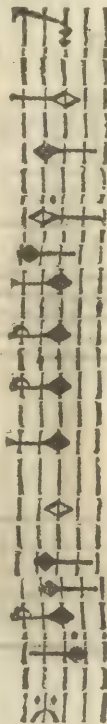
B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

Like to the siluer Swanne,
 before my death I sing:
 And yet aliue
 my fatall knell I helpe to ring.
 Still I desire from earth
 and earthly ioyes to flie,
 He neuer happie liu'd,
 that cannot loue to die.

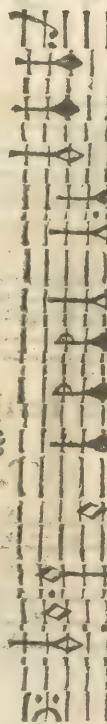
BASVS.



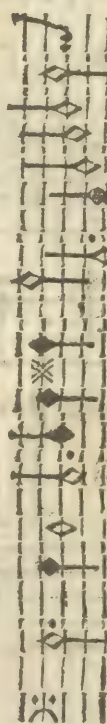
E me and none but mee dart home O



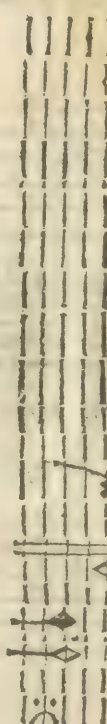
gentle death and quickly, for I draw too long



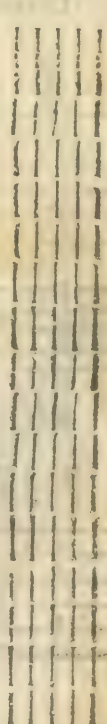
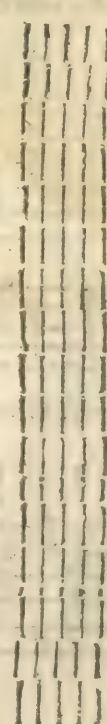
this idle breath. O howe I long till I may fly to



heauen above vn- to my faithfull and beloued



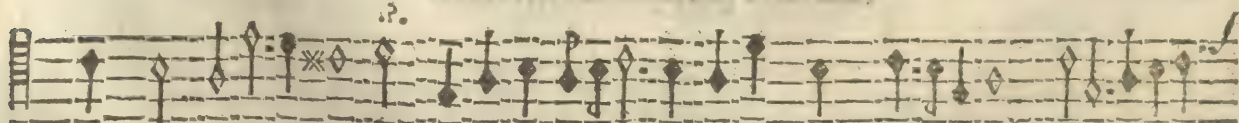
turtle done.



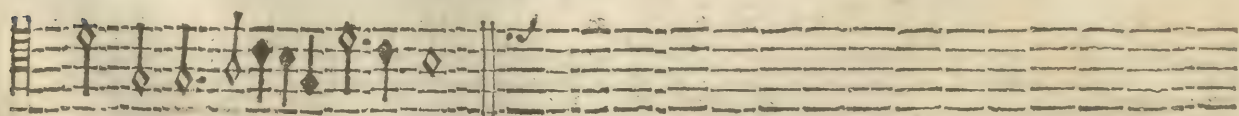
TENOR.



E me and none but me, dart home O gentle death, and quickly, for I draw too long



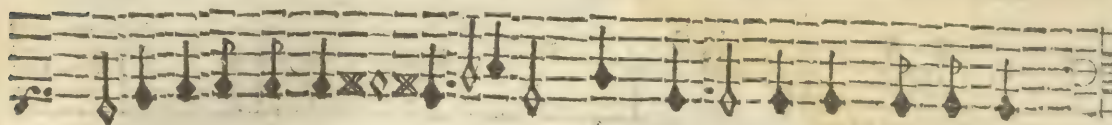
too long this idle breath, O how I long till I may fly to heauen a- boue, vn- to my



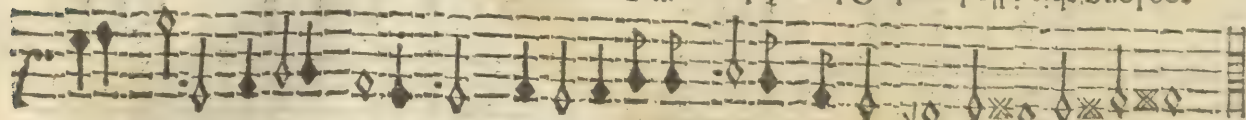
faithfull and beloued turtle done.

D 2

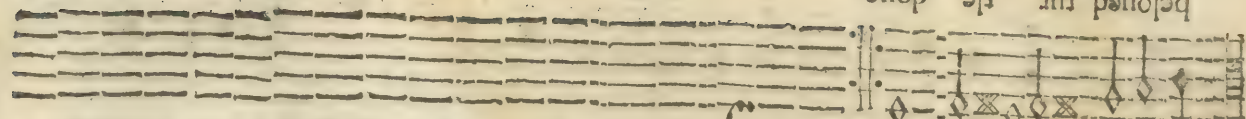
ALTS.



Me me and none but me, dart home O gentle death, and quickly for I draw



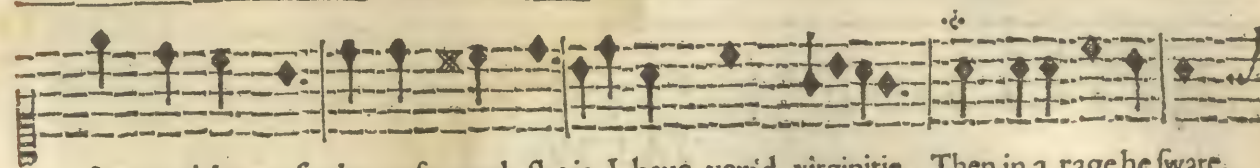
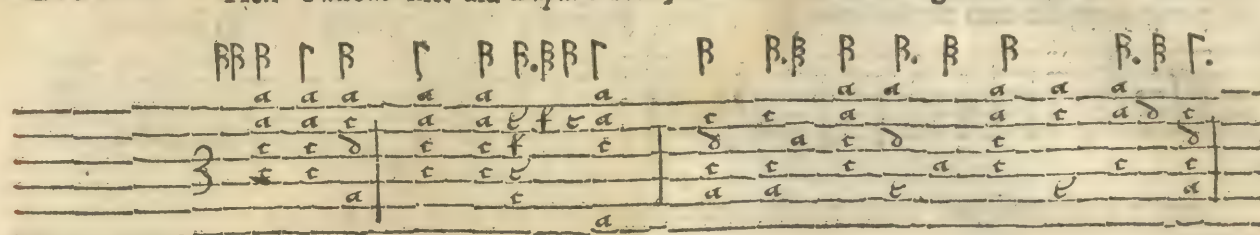
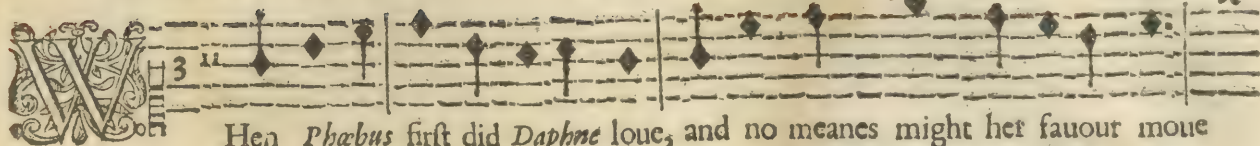
too long this idle breath. O how I long till I may fly to heauen above vn- to my faithfull and



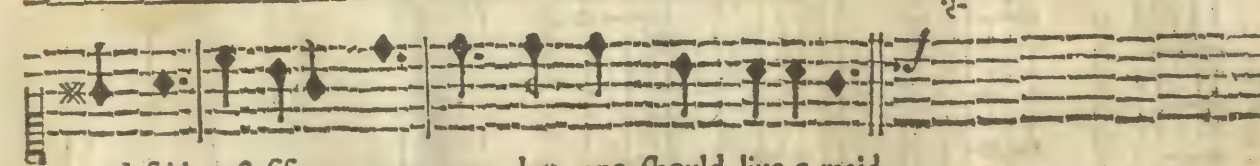
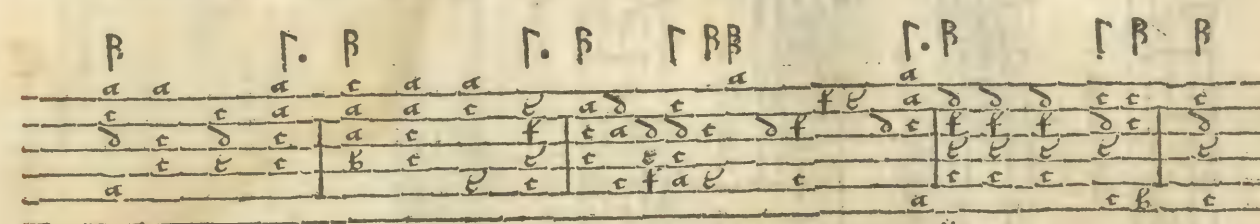
beloued turtle done.

VI

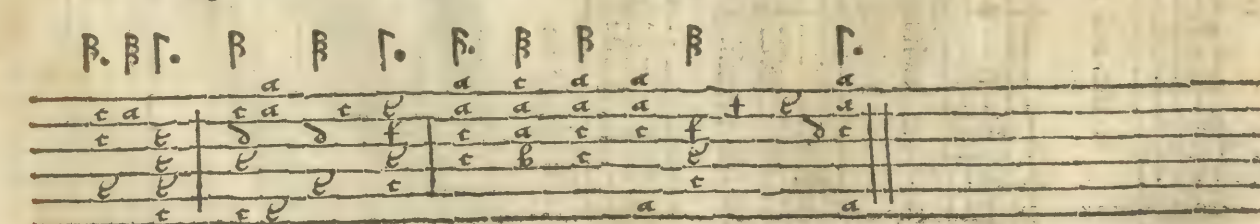
CANTVS.



he crau'd the cause, the cause quoth she is, I haue vow'd virginitie. Then in a rage he sware,

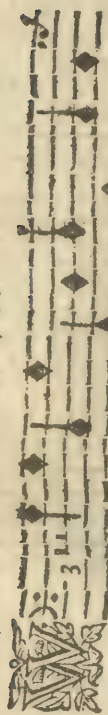


and said, past fiftene none none but one should liue a maid.

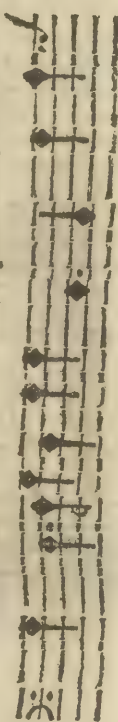


If maidens then shal chance be sped
Ere they can scarcely dresse their head,
Yet pardon them, for they be loth
To make good *Phæbus* breake his oth.
And better were a child were borne,
Then that a god should be forsworne.

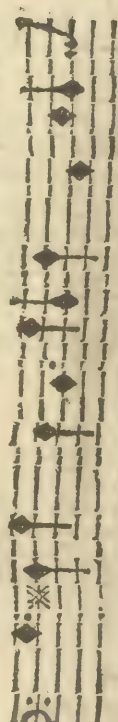
BASSVS.



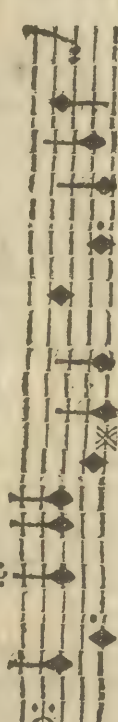
Hen Phæbus first did *Daphne* loue, And no



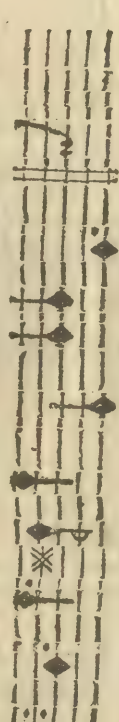
meanes might her fauour moue, hee crau'd the



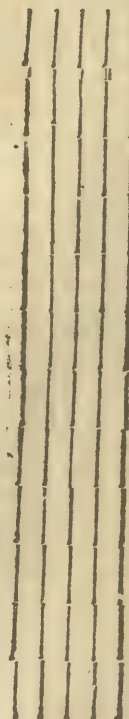
cause, the cause (quoth she) is, I haue vow'd virgi-



nitie. Then in a rage he sware and said, past fifteene



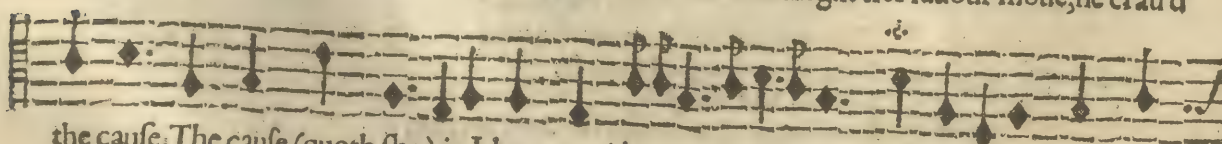
none none but one should liue a maid.



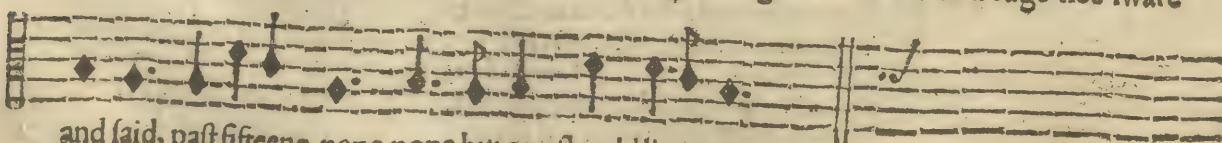
TENOR.



Hen Phæbus first did *Daphne* loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue, hee crau'd

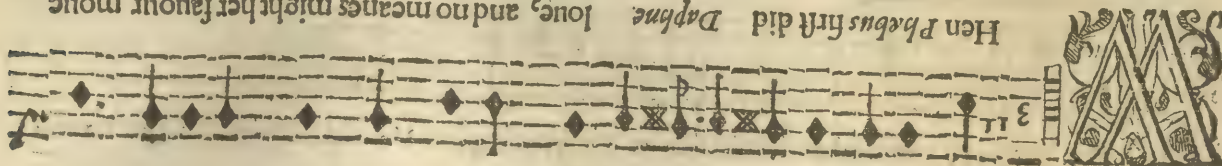


the cause. The cause (quoth she) is, I haue vow'd :: virginitie. Then in a rage hee sware

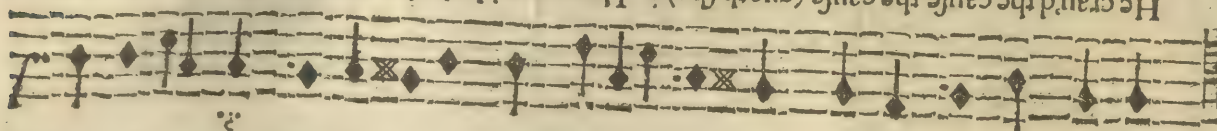


and said, past fifteene none none but one should liue a maid.

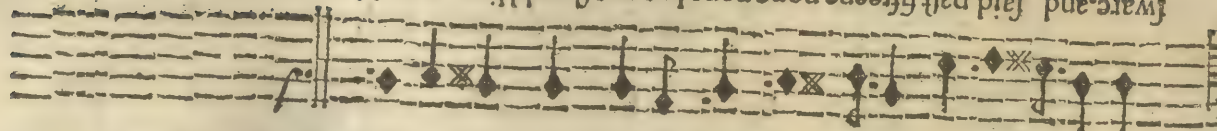
ALTUS.



Hen Phæbus first did *Daphne* loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue



Hee crau'd the cause, the cause (quoth she) is, I haue vow'd virgi- ni- tie. Then in a rage hee



sware, and said, past fifteene none none but one should liue a maid.

VII.

CANTVS.



Ay loue if euer thou didst find, a woman with a constant

mind, none but one, and what should that rare mirror be, some Goddesse or some Queen is she

shee shee shee shee :: and onelie she she onely Queene of loue and beautie.

But could thy firy poyfined dart
At no time touch her spotlesse hart,
Nor come neare,
She is not subiect to Loues bow,
Her eye commaunds, her heart saith no,
No, no, no, and only no,
One no another still doth follow.

How might I that faire wonder know,
That mockes desire with endlesse no

See the Moone

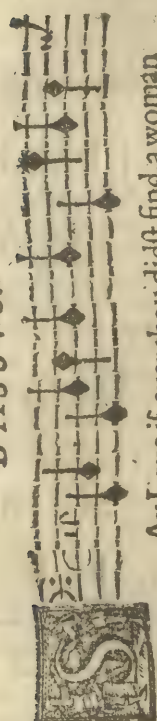
That euer in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same, and she is so;
So, so, so, and onely so,
From heauen her vertues she doth borrow.

To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe,
That can command affections so:

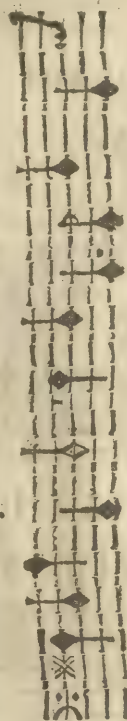
Loue is free,

So are her thoughts that vanquish thee,
There is no queene of loue but she,
She, she, she, and only she,
She onely queene of loue and beautie.

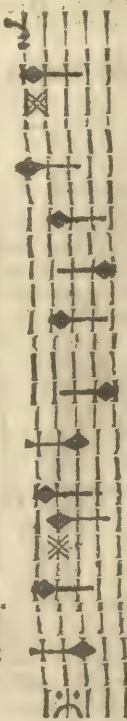
BASSVS.



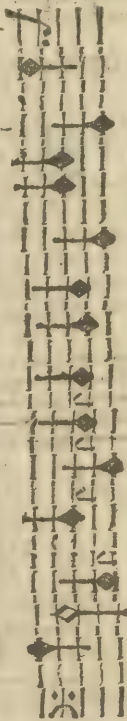
Ay Loue if euer thou didst find, a woman



with a constant mind, none but one, and what should



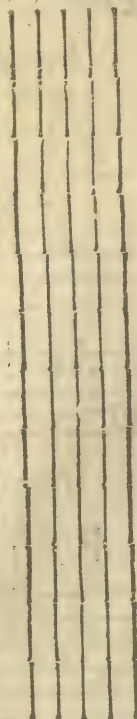
that rare mirrour be, some Goddesse or some Queene



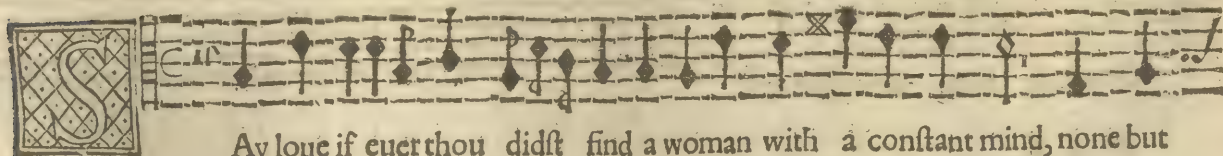
is she she she :||: :||: :||: and onely she she



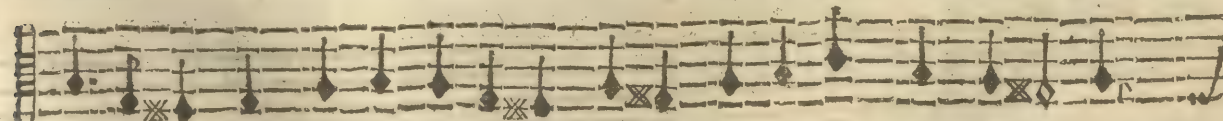
onely Queene of loue and beautie.



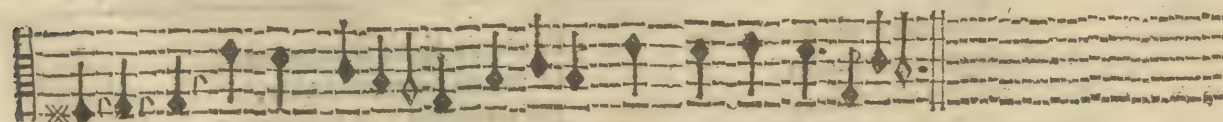
TENOR.



Ay loue if euer thou didst find a woman with a constant mind, none but

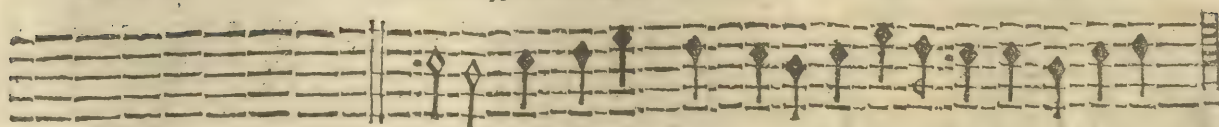


one, and what should that rare mirrour be, some Goddesse or some Queene is shee shee

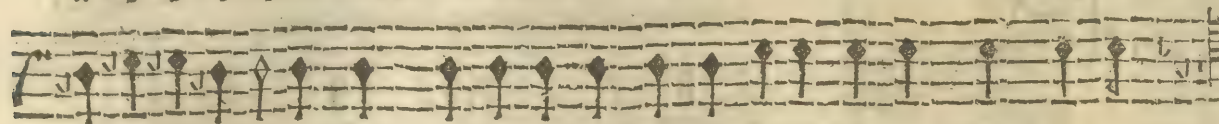


she she :||: :||: :||: and onely she she onely Queene of loue and beautie.

:||: :||: :||: and onely she she onely Queene of loue and beautie.



and what should that rare mirrour be, some goddesse or some Queene is she she she :||:



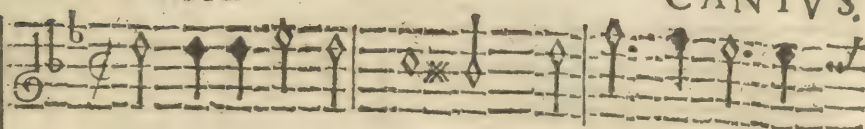
Ay Loue, if euer thou didst find, a woman with a constant mind: none but one,



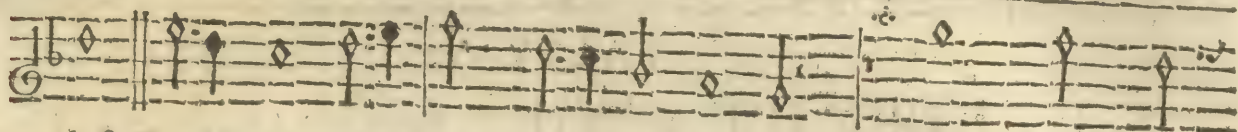
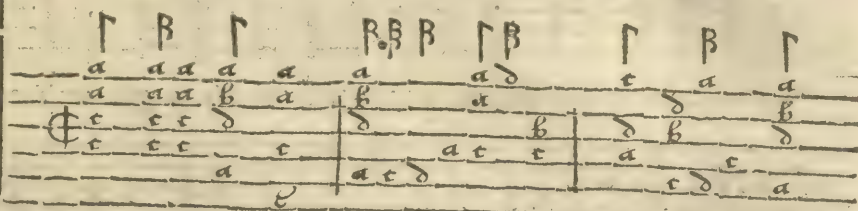
ALTS.

VIII.

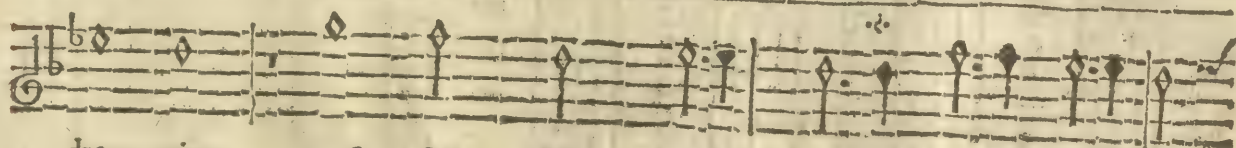
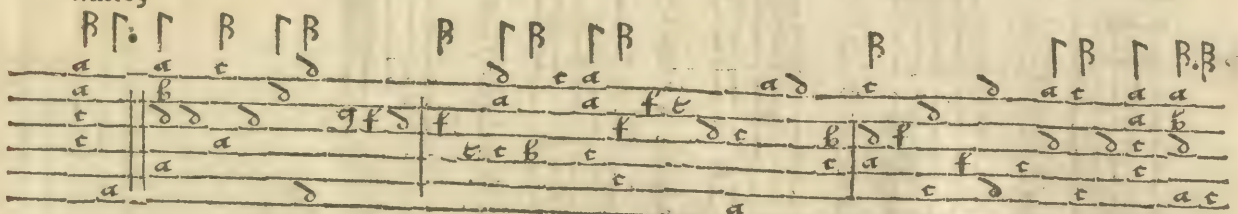
CANTV S.



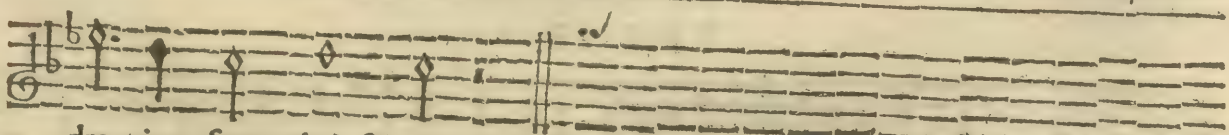
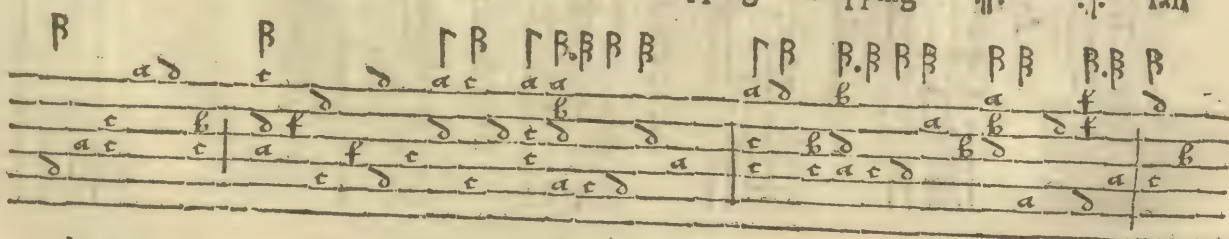
Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this
Swell not about your mountaines, nor spend your time in



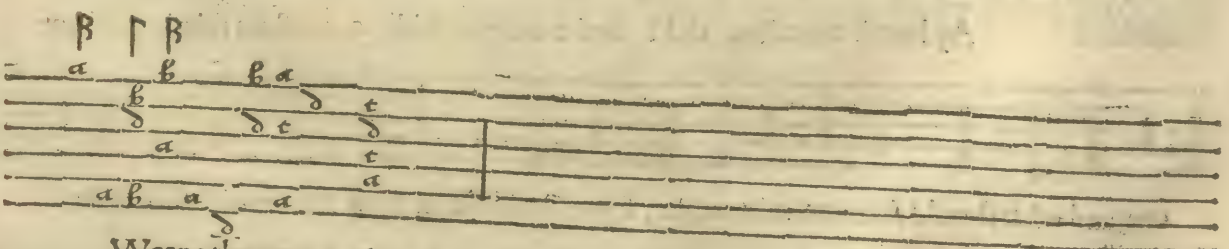
haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall
waste,



drop- ping must still fall dropping dropping :: fall



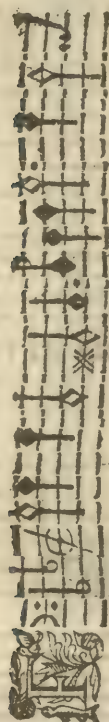
dropping from their spheares.



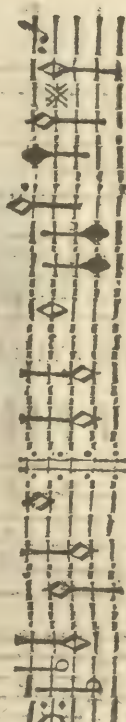
Weepe they apace whom Reason,
Or lingring time can ease:
My sorow can no season,
Nor ought besides appease
Gentle springs, &c.

Time can abate the terrour
Of euerie common paine,
But common grieffe is errour,
True grieffe will still remaine:
Gentle springs, &c.

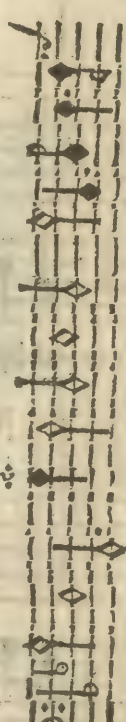
BASSVS.



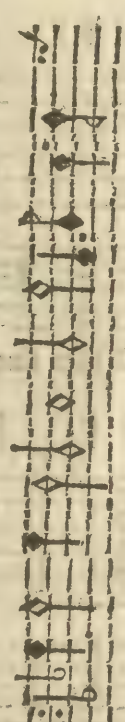
Low not so fast yee foun-taines, what nee-
Swell not about your mountaines nor spend



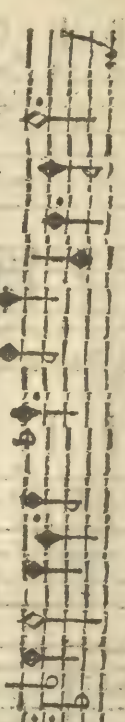
deth all this haste, Gentle springs: |: fresh-ly
your time in waste,



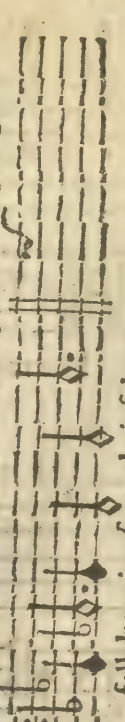
your salt teares must stil fall dropping still fall dropping



dropping must stil fall dropping stil fall dropping



dropping still fall dropping stil fall dropping still



fall dropping from their spheares.

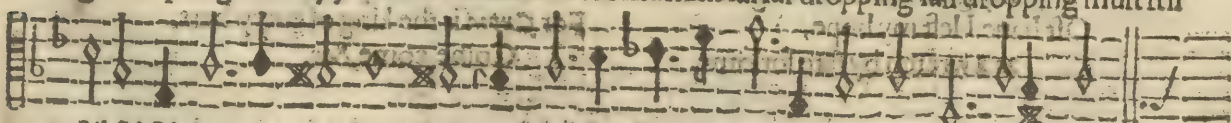
TENOR.



Low not so fast yee fountaines, what nee- deth all this haste, Gentle springs gentle
swell not about your mountaines, nor spend your time in waste,



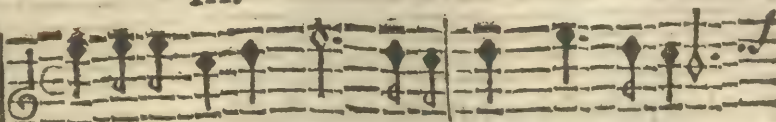
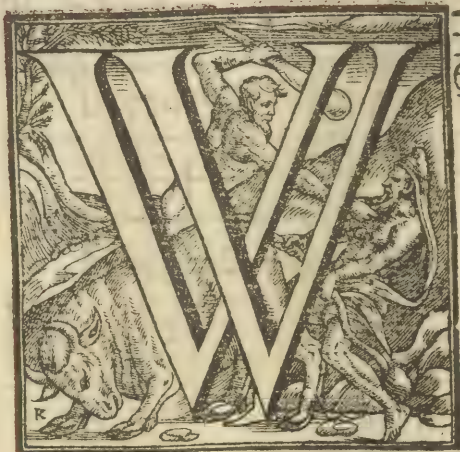
gentle springs freshly your salt teares must stil must stil fall fall dropping fall dropping must stil



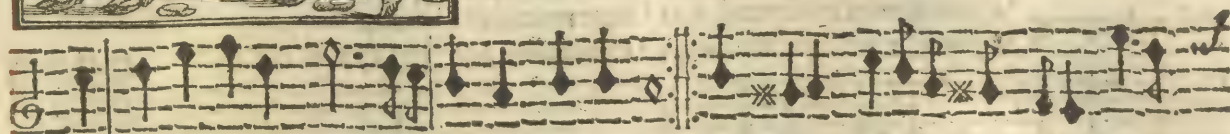
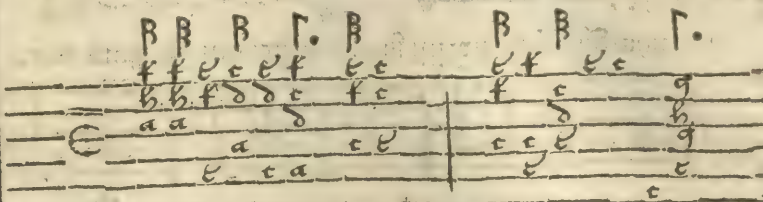
stil fall fall dropping fall dropping must stil fall dropping stil fall dropping from their spheares.

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs,
Swell not about your mountaines, nor spend your time in waste, Gentle springs,
gentle springs freshly your salt teares must stil fall dropping stil fall dropping must stil
stil fall dropping stil fall dropping must stil fall dropping stil fall dropping fal dropping
from their spheares.

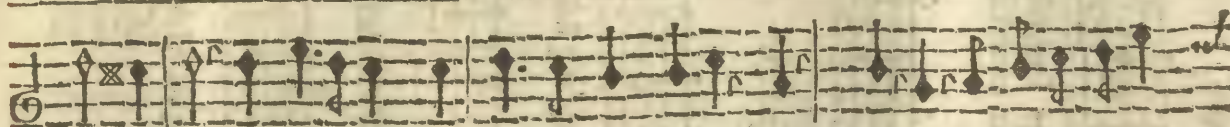
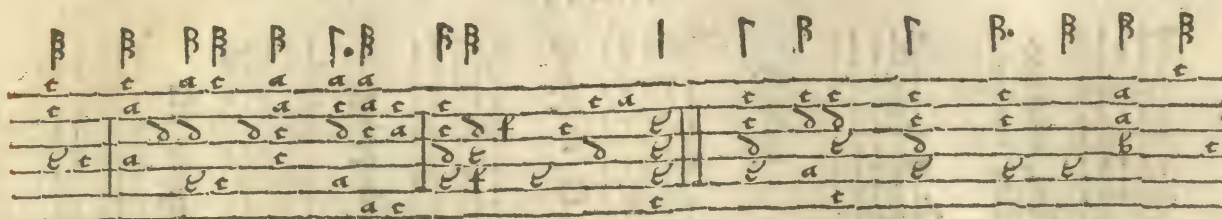
ALTVS.



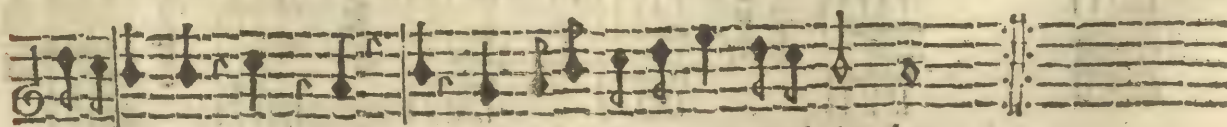
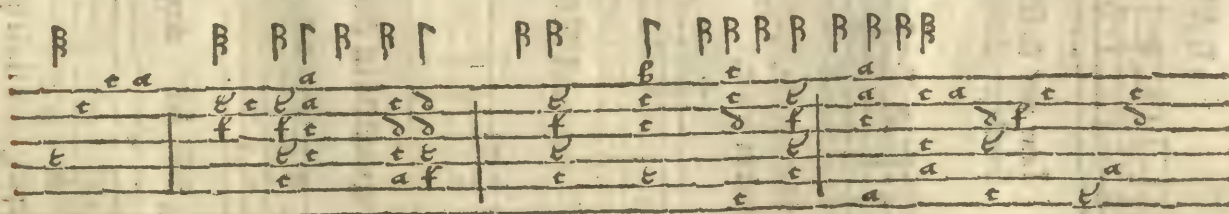
Hat if I neuer speede, shall I straight yeeld to dispaire,
or shall I chāge my loue, for I find power to depart,



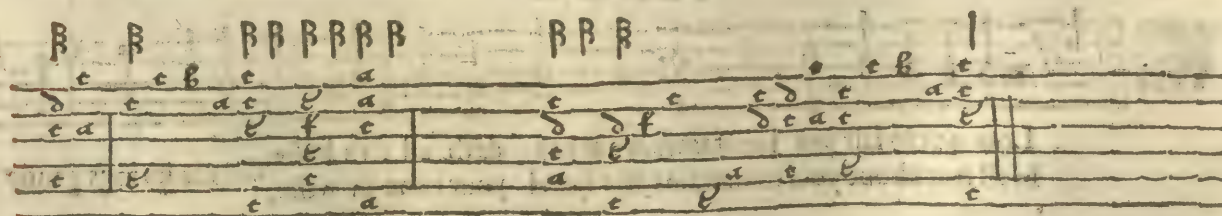
and still on sorow feede that can no losse repaire. But if she will pittie my desire, and my
and in my reason proue I can cōmand my hart.



loue requite, then euer shall shee liue my deare delight. Come, :: :: while I haue a heart



to desire thee. Come, come, come, for either I will loue or admire thee.



Oft haue I dream'd of ioy,
yet I neuer felt the sweete,
But tired with annoy,
my griefs each other greete.
Oft haue I left my hope,
as a wretch by fate forlorne.

But Loue aimes at one scope,
and lost wil still returne:
He that once loues with a true desire
neuer can depart,
For Cupid is the king of euery hart.
Come, come, &c.

BASVS.

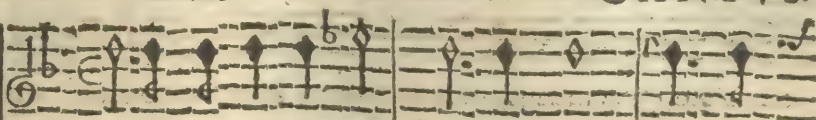
Hat if I neuer speed,shal I staight
or shall I chāgemy loue, for I find
yeeld to dispaire and stil on sorrow feed,that can
power to depart, and in my reason proue, I can.
no losse repaire. But if she will pitie my desire,
command my hart:
& my loue requite, then euer shal she liue: my
deare delight. Come :: while I haue a heart
to desire thee. Come :: for either I will loue or
admire thee.

TENOR.

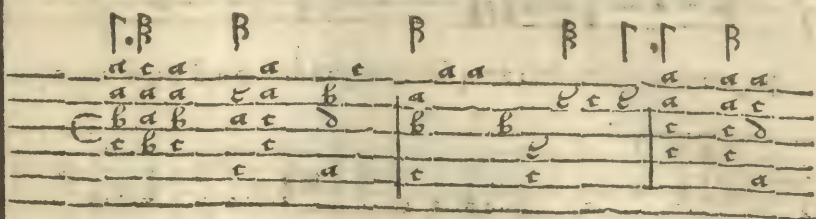
Hat if I neuer speed,shall I straight yeeld to despaire, and still on sorrow feed that
or shall I chāgemy loue, for I find power to depart, and in my reason proue I
can no losse re-paire: But if she will pitie my desire, and my loue my loue requite, the euer
can command my heart:
shall she liue my deare delight. Come, come, come, while I haue a heart to desire thee. Come
come, for either I will loue or admire thee.

ALTS.

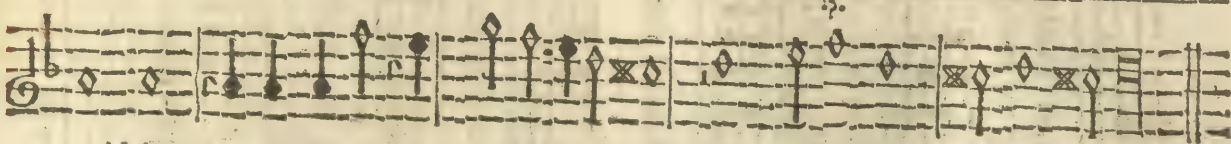
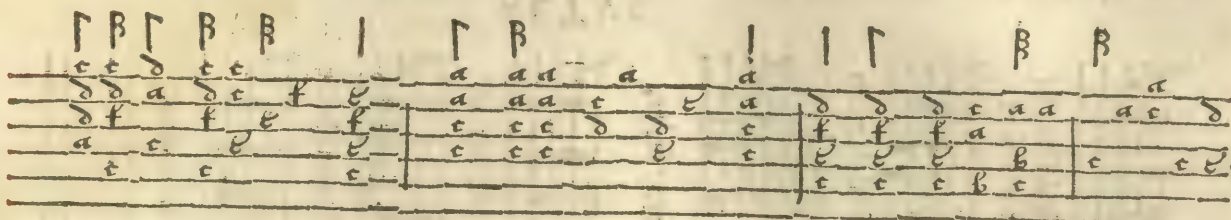
Hat if I neuer speed shal I straight yeeld to despaire, & still on sorrow feed that can
or shall I chāgemy loue, for I find power to depart, & in my reason proue I can
no losse repaire, But if she will pitie, pitie my desire, & my loue requite, then euer shal
the liue my deare delight, Come, come, come, while I haue a heart to desire thee, Come, come
for either I will loue or admire thee.



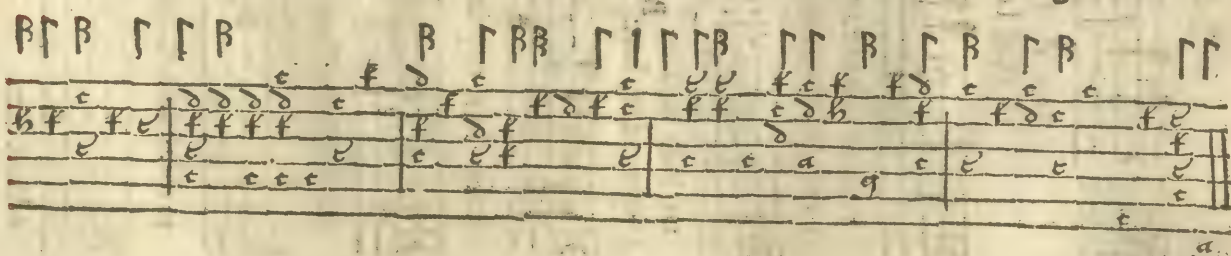
One stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine: Loue would



haue said that all was but vaine, and Gods but halfe diuine, But when Loue saw that beautie



would die: hee all agast, to heau'ns did crie, O gods, O gods what wrong is mine.



2 Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt
Fell from his eyes, like raine in sun shine (brine,
expeld by rage of fire:
Yet in such wise as anguish affords,
He did expresse in these his last words
his infinite desire.

3 Are you fled faire? where are now those eyes
Eyes but too faire, enuid by the skies,
you angrie gods do know,
With guiltles bloud your scepters you stain,
On poore true hearts like tyrants you raine:
vniust why do you so?

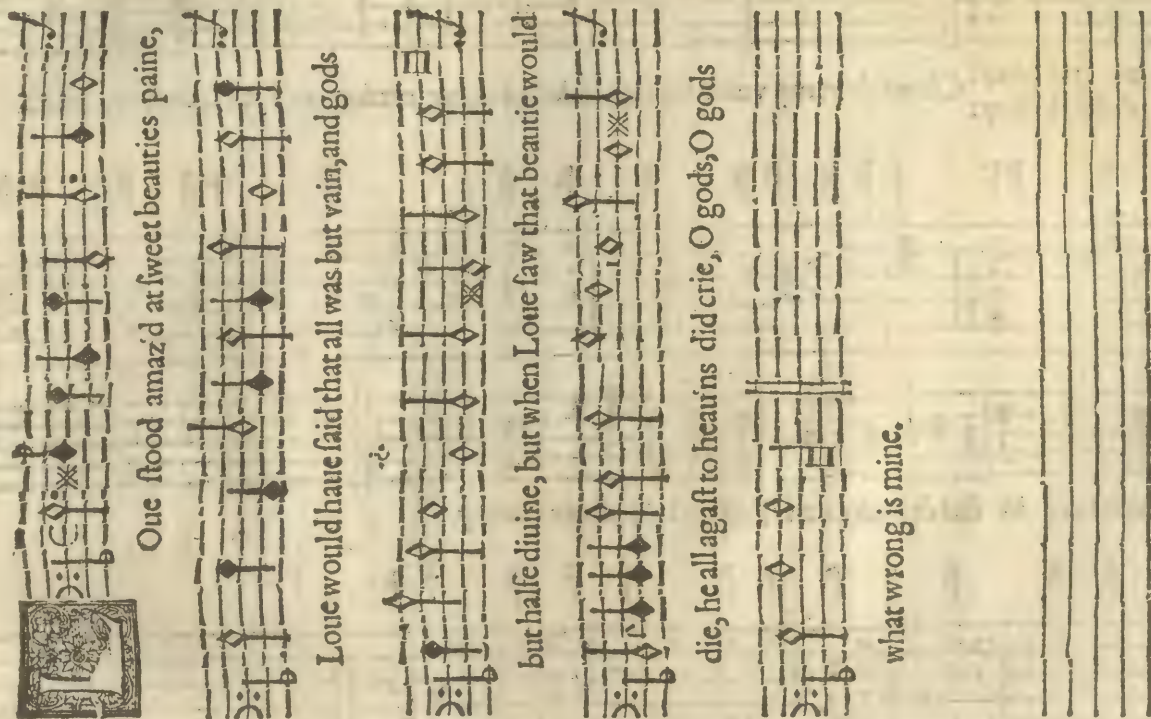
4 Are you false gods? why then do you raine?
Are you iust gods? why then haue you slaine
the life of loue on earth.

Beautie, now thy face liues in the skies,
Beautie, now let me liue in thine eyes,
where blisse felt neuer death

5 Then from high rock, the rocke of dispaire,
He falls, in hope to smother in the aire,
or els on stones to burst,
Or on cold waues to spend his last breath,
Or his strange life to end by strange death,
but fate forbid the worst.

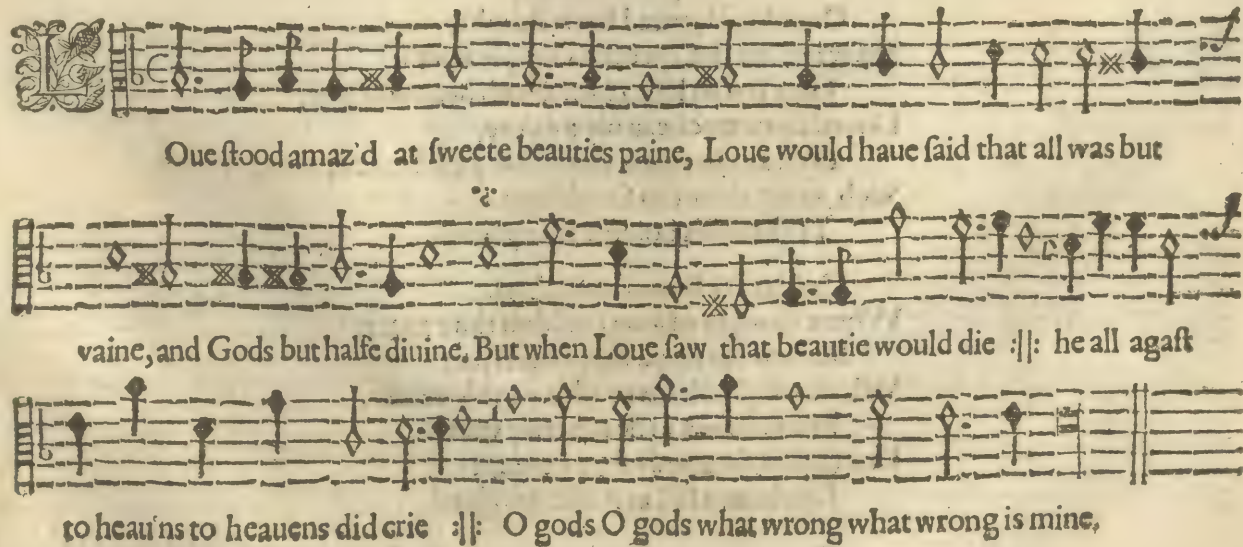
6 With pity mou'd the gods the change loue
To Phenix shape, yet cannot remoue
his wonted properie,
He loues the sunne because it is faire,
Sleepe he neglects, he liues but by aire,
and would, but cannot die,

BASSVS.



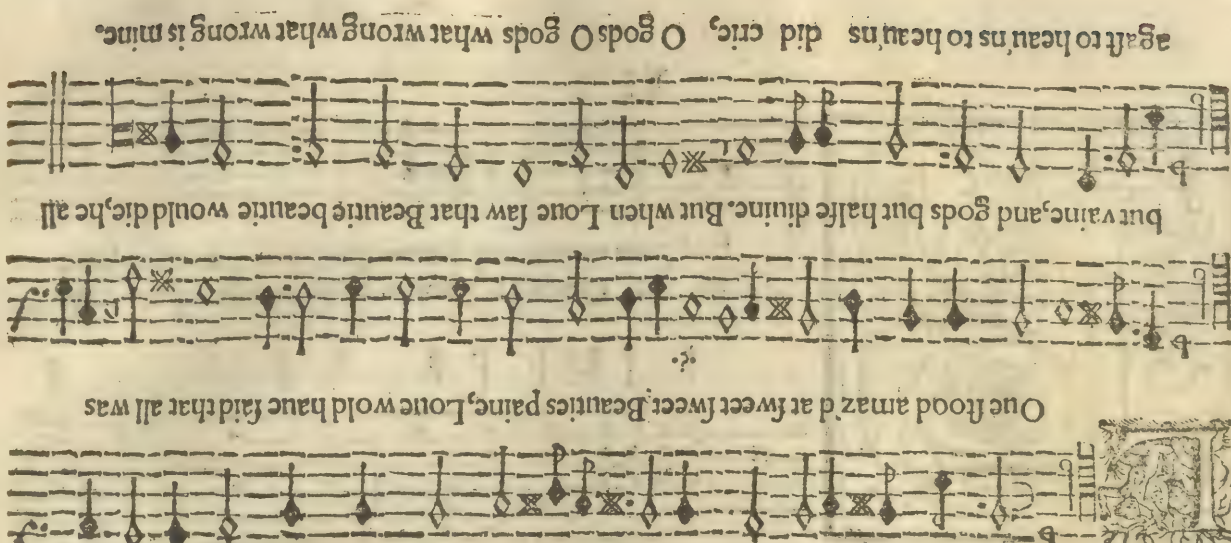
One stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine,
 Loue would haue said that all was but vain, and gods
 but halfe diuine, but when Loue saw that beantie would
 die, he all agast to heauens did crie, O gods, O gods
 what wrong is mine.

TENOR.



One stood amaz'd at sweete beauties paine, Loue would haue said that all was but
 vaine, and Gods but halfe diuine, But when Loue saw that beantie would die :||: he all agast
 to heau'ns to heauens did crie :||: O gods O gods what wrong what wrong is mine,

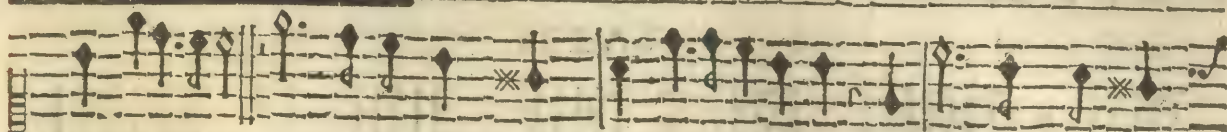
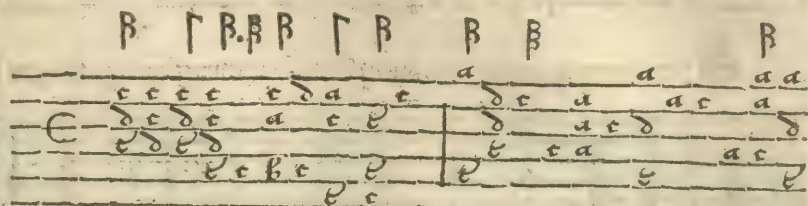
ALTVS.



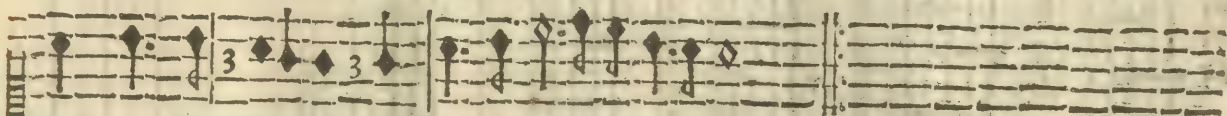
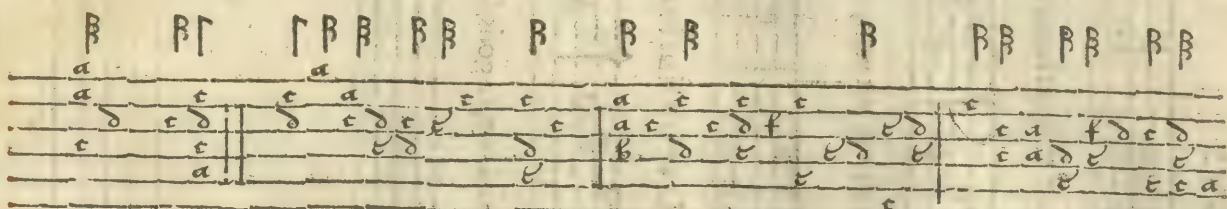
One stood amaz'd at sweet sweet Beauties paine, Loue would haue said that all was
 but vaine, and gods but halfe diuine. But when Loue saw that Beantie beantie would die, he all
 agast to heau'ns to heauens did crie, O gods O gods what wrong what wrong is mine.



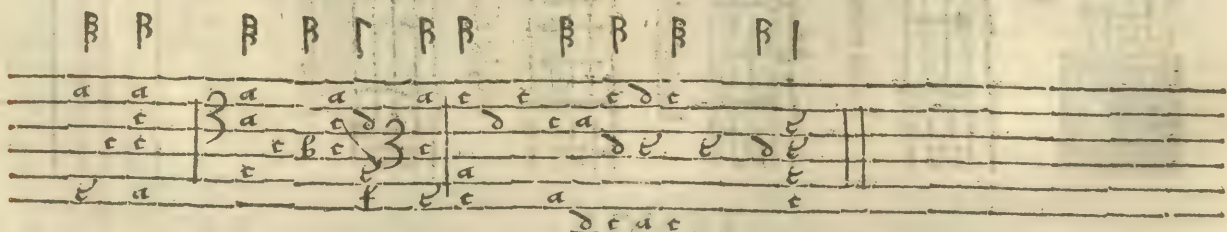
End your eares to my sorrow good people that haue
for no eyes wil I borrow mine own shal grace, my



a- ny pitie : Chant then my voice though rude like to my riming, and tell forth my grieve
doleful ditry :



which here in sad despaire can find no ease of tormenting.



Once I liu'd, once I knew delight,
No grieve did shadowe then my pleasure :
Grac'd with loue, cheer'd with beauties sight,
I ioyed alone true heau'nly treasure,
O what a heau'n is loue firmly embraced,
Such power alone can fixe delight
In Fortunes bosome euer placed.

Cold as Ice frozen is that hart,
Where thought of loue could no time enter:
Such of life reape the poorest part
Whose weight cleaues to this earthly center,
Mutuall ioies in hearts truly vnited
Doe earth to heauenly state conuert
Like heau'n still in it selfe delighted.

BASSVS.



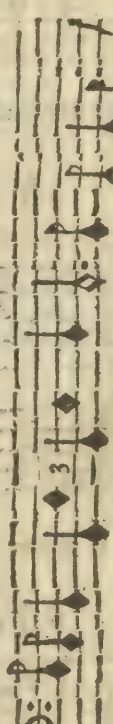
End your cares to my sorow good
for no eyes will I borow mine



people that haue anie pitie. Chaunt it my voice,
owne shal grace my doleful ditie.



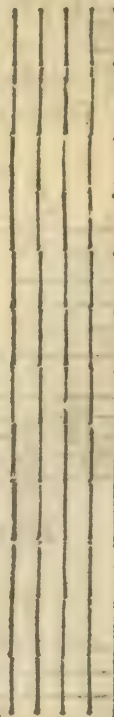
though rude like to my riming, and tel forth my grieſe



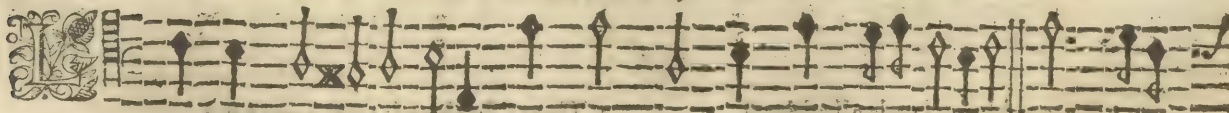
which heere in ſad deſpaire can finde no eaſe of tor-



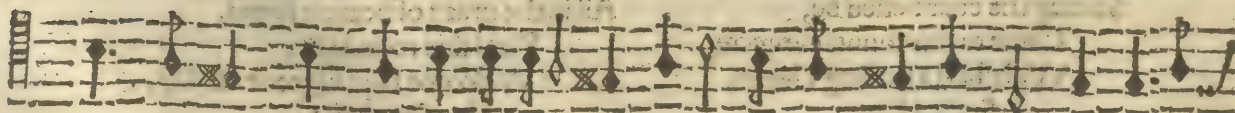
menting.



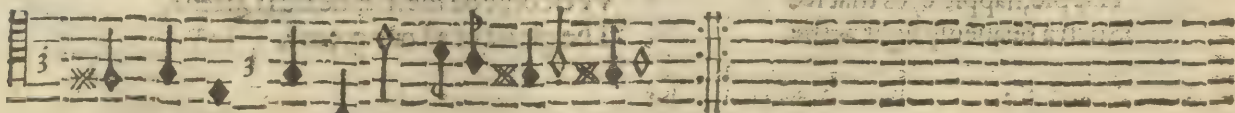
TENOR.



End your cares to my ſorow good people that haue anie pitie.
for no eyes will I borow, mine owne ſhal grace my doleful ditie. Chaunt it my

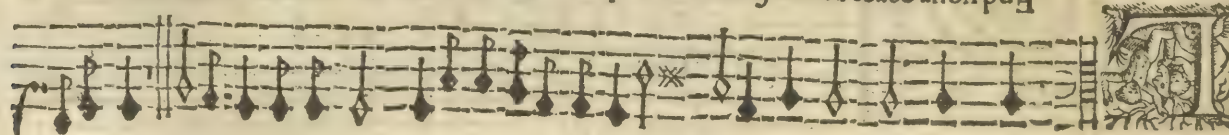


voice, my voice though rude like to my riming, and tel forth my grieſe, my grief, which here in

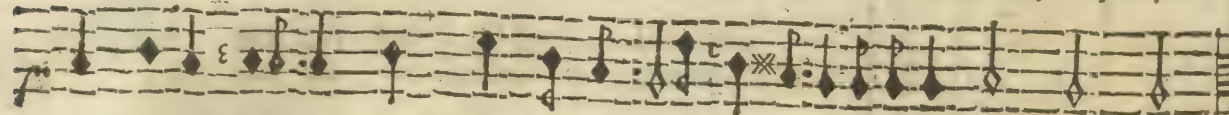


ſadde deſpaire can find no eaſe of tormenting.

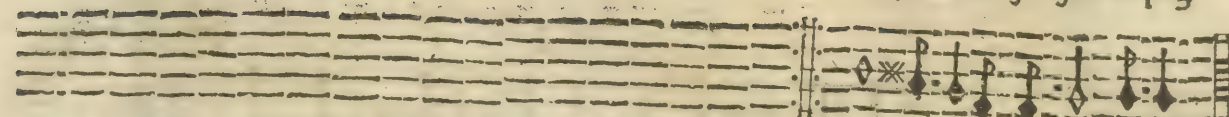
ALTS.



End your cares to my ſorow good people : that haue anie pitie : Chaunt it my
for no eyes will I borow, mine owne ſhal : grace my doleful ditie :



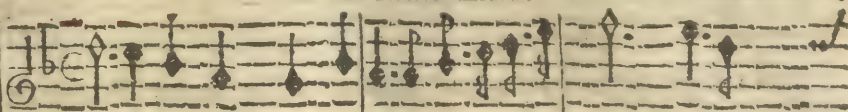
voice though rude, like to my riming, and tel forth my grieſe, which here in ſad deſpaire can



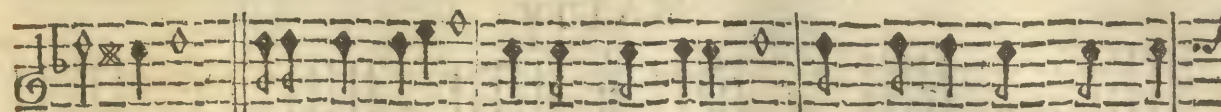
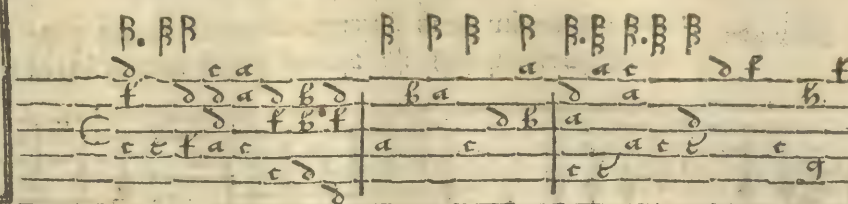
find no eaſe of tormenting.

XII.

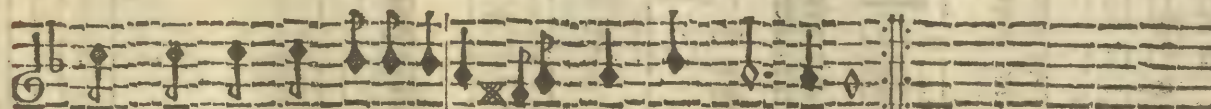
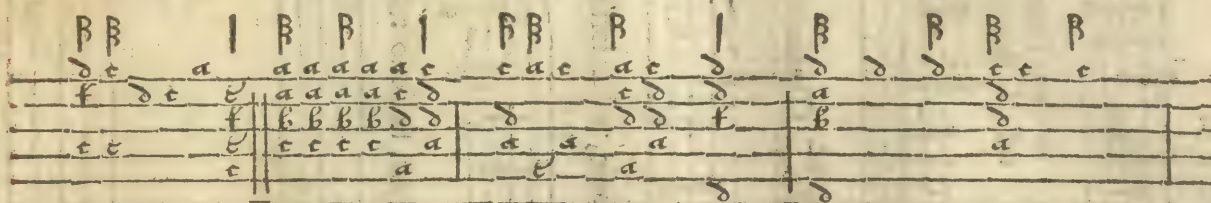
CANTVS.



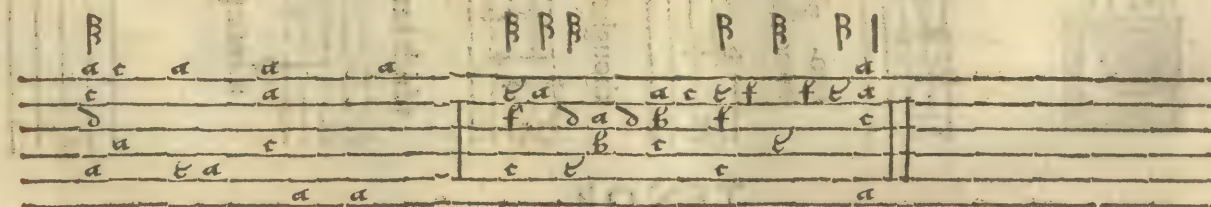
Y a fountaine where I lay, al blef- sed bee that
by the glimring of the sun, ð ne- uer bee her



blef- sed day whē I might see alone my true loues fairest one, loues deer light, loues cleare sight
shining done



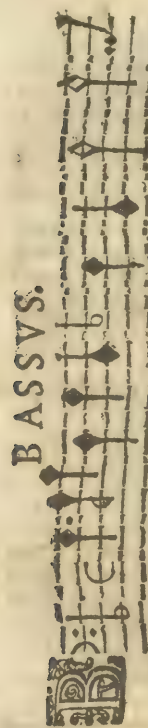
No worlds eyes can clearer see a fairer sight none none can be.



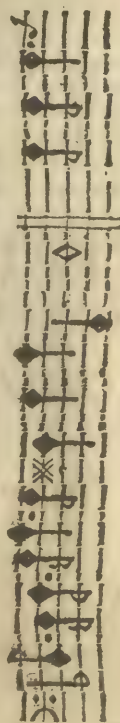
2 Faire with garlands all addrest,
Was neuer Nymph more fairely blest,
Blessed in the highest degree,
So may she euer be- sed be,
Came to this fountaine neere,
With such a smiling cheere,
Such a face,
Such a grace,
Happie, happie eyes that see
Such a heavenly sight as she.

3 Then I forthwith tooke my pipe
Which I all faire and cleane did wipe,
And vpon a heau'nly ground,
All in the grace of beautie found,
Plaid this roundelay,
Welcome faire Queene of May,
Sing sweete aire,
Welcome faire.
Welcome be the shepheards Queene,
The glorie of all our greene.

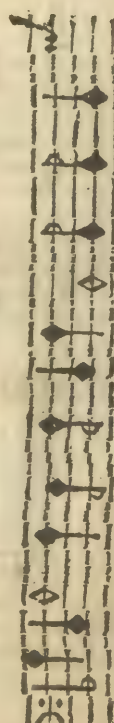
BASSVS.



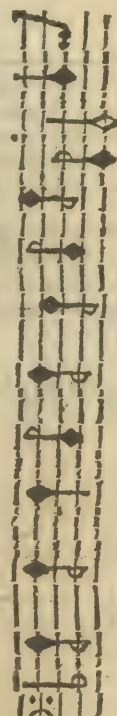
Y a fountaine where I lay, all
by the glimring of the sunne O



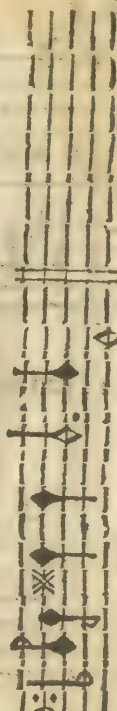
blef- fed be that blessed day When I might
ne- uer be her shining done



see alone my true loues fairest one, loues deare light,



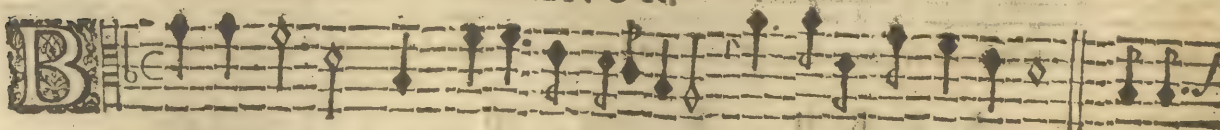
loues cleare fight, no worlds eyes can clearer see, a



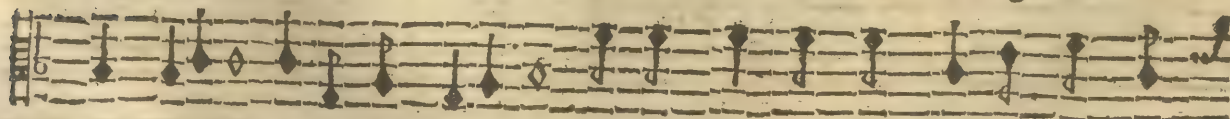
fairer sight none none can be.



TENOR.



Y a fountaine where I lay, all blef- fed blessed be that blessed day
by the glimring of the sun, O ne- uer ne- uer be her shining done when I

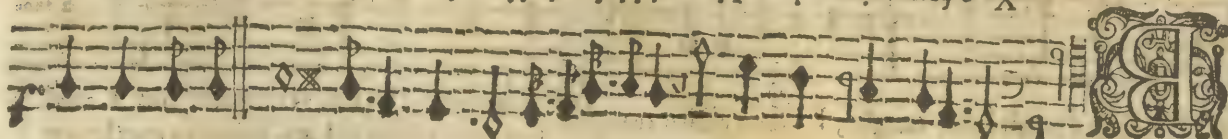


might see alone, my true loues fairest one, loues deere light, loues cleare fight, no worlds eyes

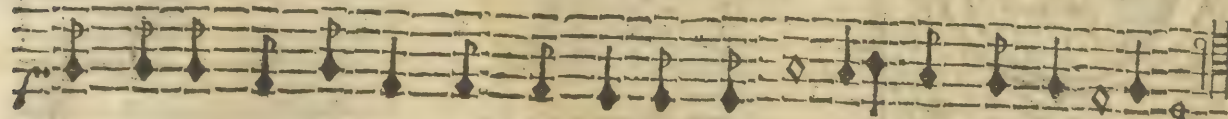


can clearer see, a fairer sight, a fairer sight none can be.

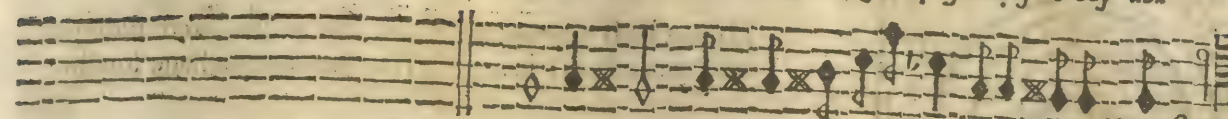
ALTS.



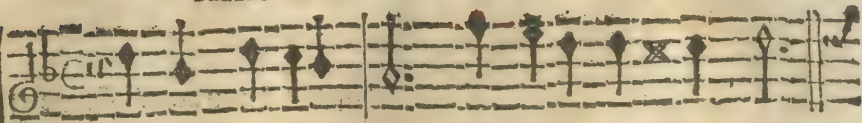
Y a fountaine where I lay, all blef- fed be that blessed day
by the glimring of the sun, O ne- uer be her shining done when I might see



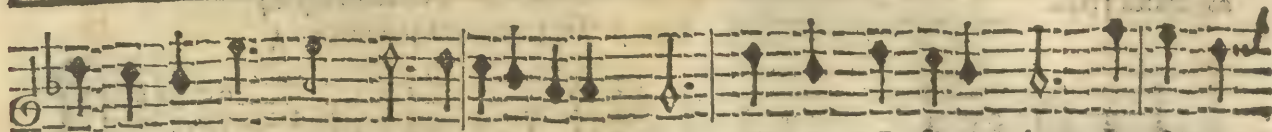
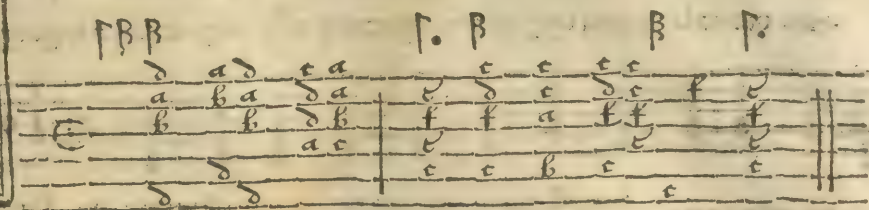
alone my true loues fairest one, loues deere light, loues cleare fight, no worlds eyes can clea-



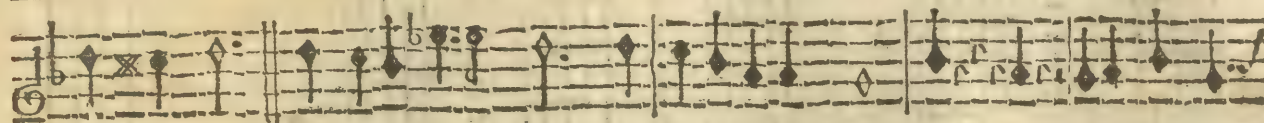
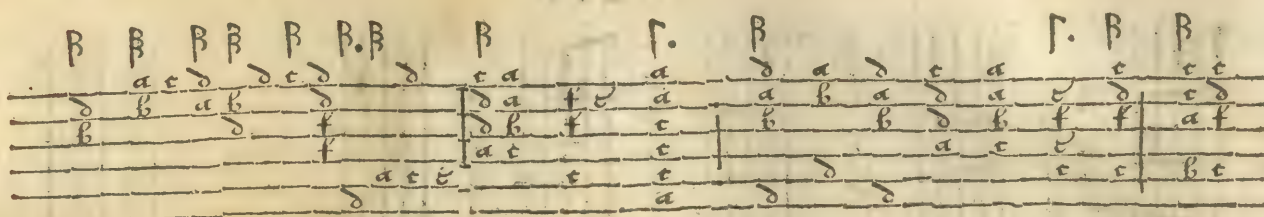
er see a fairer sight a fairer sight none none can be.



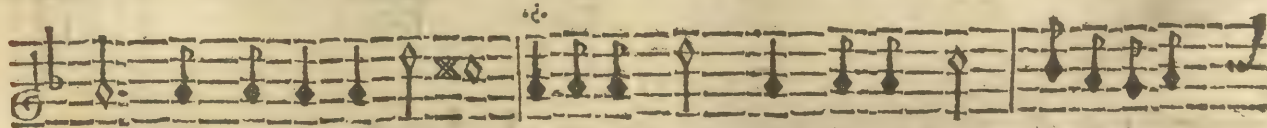
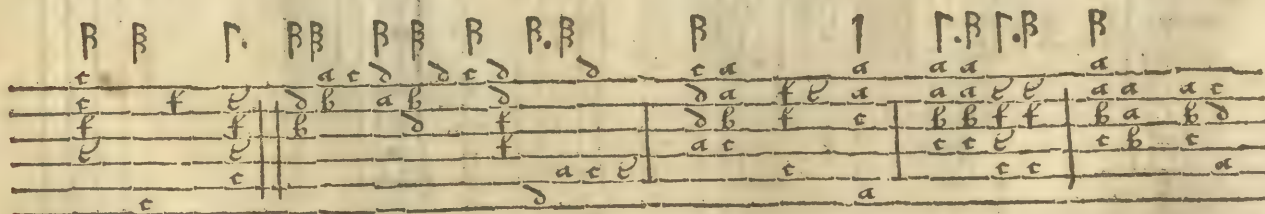
H what hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought
or where- to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue fought,



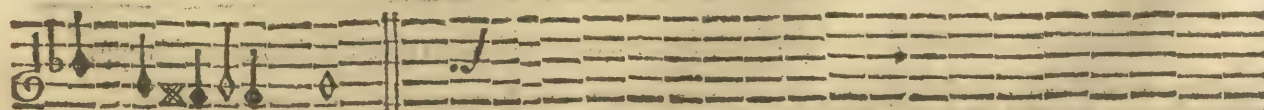
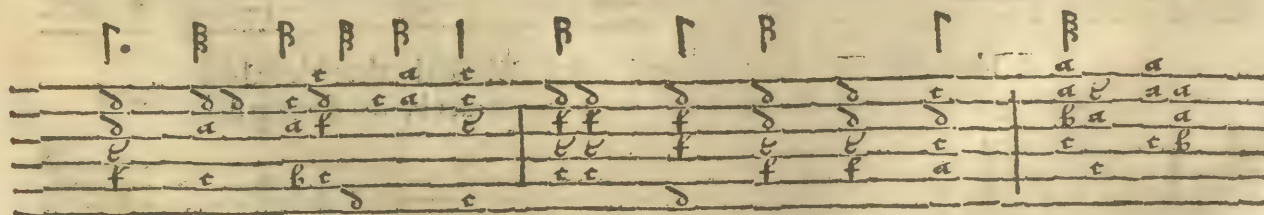
Till time and truth hath taught, I labor all for nought. The day I see is cleare, but I am
For grieve doth stil ap- peare, to crosse our



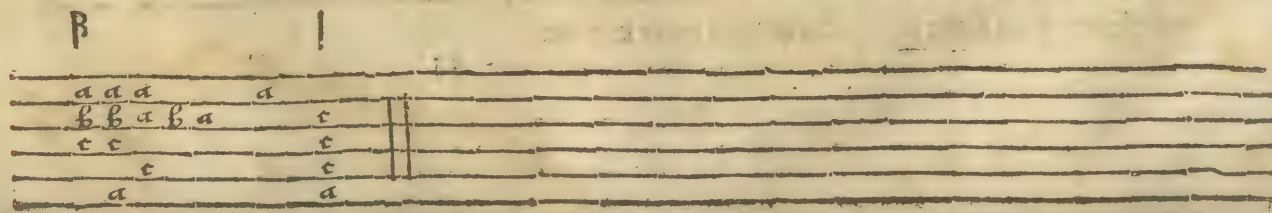
here the neere, while I can nothing heare, but winter all the yeare. Cold, hold, the sun wil shine
me- rie cheere,



warne, therefore now feare no harme. O blessed beames, where beautie streames happie happie



light to loues dreames.



BASSVS.

H what hath ouerwrought my all
of where-to am I brought that thus
a-ma-zed thought, I labor al for naught.
in vaine haue fought,
The day I see is cleare, but I am nere the
for grief doth still appeare, to crosse all mer-rie
neere, But winter all the yeere cold hold
cheere,
the sun will shine warme, therefore now feare no
harne O blessed beames where beautie streames
happie happie light to loues dreames.

TENOR.

H what hath ouerwrought my all a-ma-zed thought,
or where-to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue fought, Till time and truth haue
taught I labour all for naught. The day I see is cleare, but I am nere the neere, while I
for grief doth stil appeare, to crosse our me-ry cheere,
can nothing heare but winter all the yeere: Cold, hold, y sun wil shine warm, therfore now feare no
harne o blessed beames where beauty streames, happy happy light, happy light to loues dreames,

H what hath ouerwrought my all a-ma-zed thought,
or where-to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue fought, Till time & truth
haue taught, I labour all for naught, The day I see is cleare, but I am nere the neere,
For grief doth still a-peare, to crosse our me-rie cheere,
while I can nothing heare, but winter all the yeere: cold, hold, the sun wil shine warme therfore
now feare no harm. O blessed beames, where beauty streames, happy happy light to loues dreames.



Aarewell vnkind farewell, to mee no more a father, since my

heart my heart holds my loue most deare: The wealth which thou doest reape, a- nothers

hand must gather, Though thy heart thy heart still lies buried there, Then farewell, then


farewell, O farewell, welcome my loue, welcome my ioy for euer.

Tis not the vaine desire
of humane fleeting beautie,
Makes my mind to liue,
though my meanes do die.

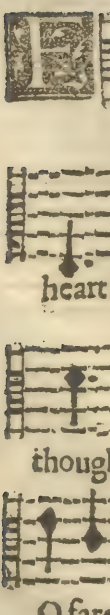
Nor do I Nature wrong,
though I forget my dutie:
Loue, not in the bloud,
but in the spirit doth lie.

Then farewell, &c.

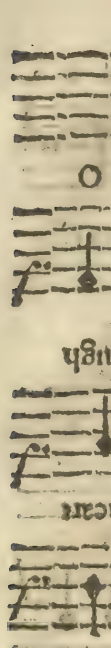
BASSVS.

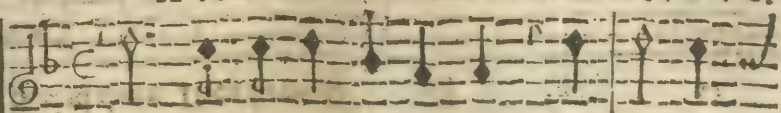
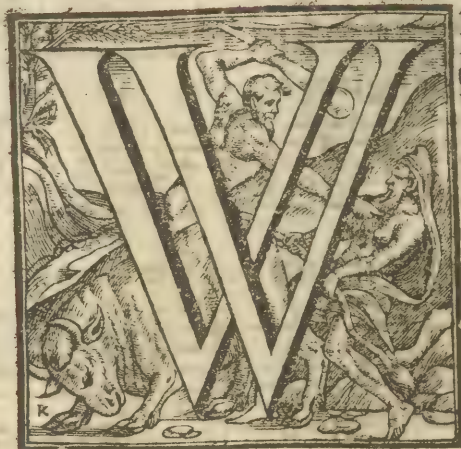

 Arewell, ynkind farewell, to me no more
 a father since my heart my heart holds
 my loue most deare. The wealth which thou doest
 reape ano- thers hand must gather: though thy
 heart thy heart thy heart lies still buried there. Then
 farewell ||: O farewell, welcome my
 loue welcome welcome my ioy for euer.

TENOR.

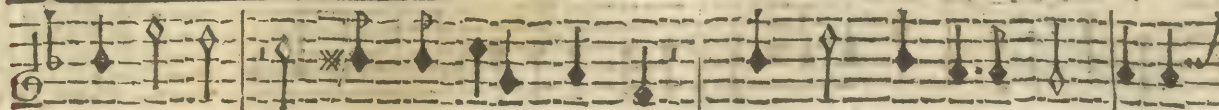
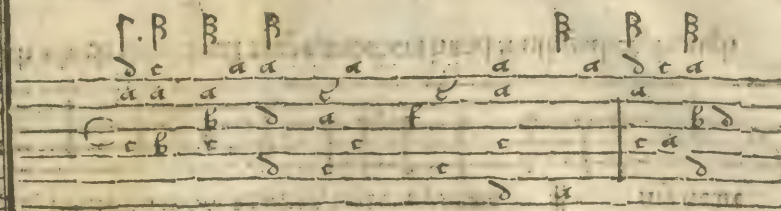

 Arewell vnkind, farewell, to mee no more a father, since my heart my heart my
 heart holds my loue most deare. The wealth which thou doest reape anothers hand must gather,
 though thy heart thy heart thy heart thy heart lies buried there. Then farewell ||: ||:
 O farewell, welcome my loue, welcome my ioy for euer.

ALTVS.

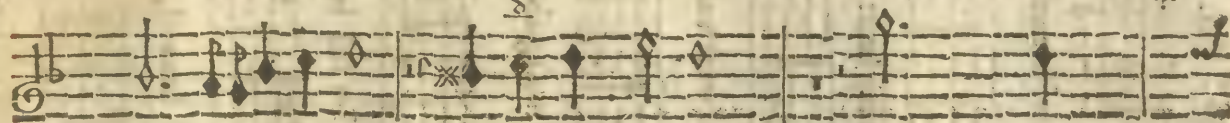
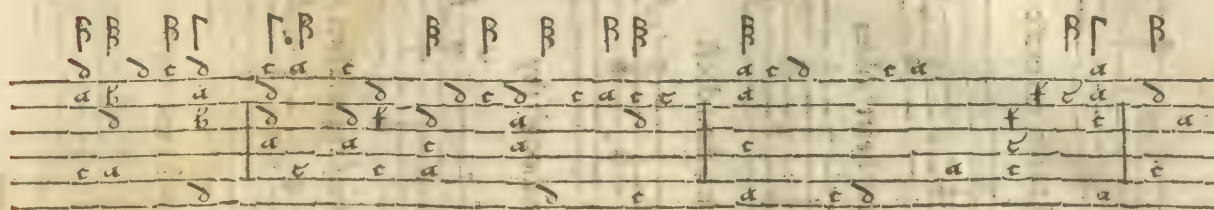

 Arewell vnkind farewell, to me no more a father, since my heart my heart
 holds my loue most deare. The wealth which thou doest reape, anothers hand must gather, though
 thy heart ||: thy heart still lies buried there. Then farewell
 O farewell, welcome my ioy for euer.



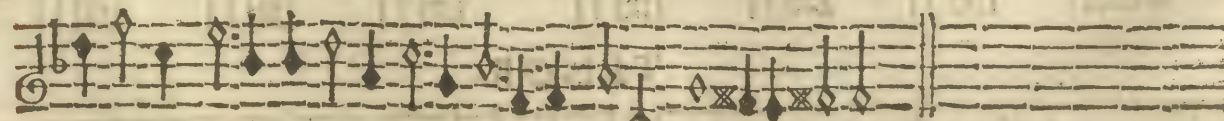
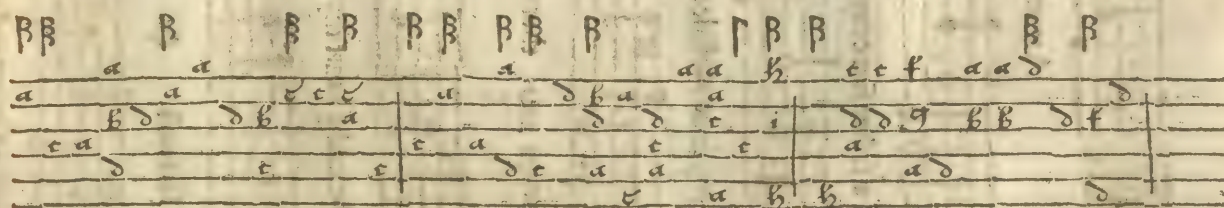
Ecce you no more sad fountaines, what need you



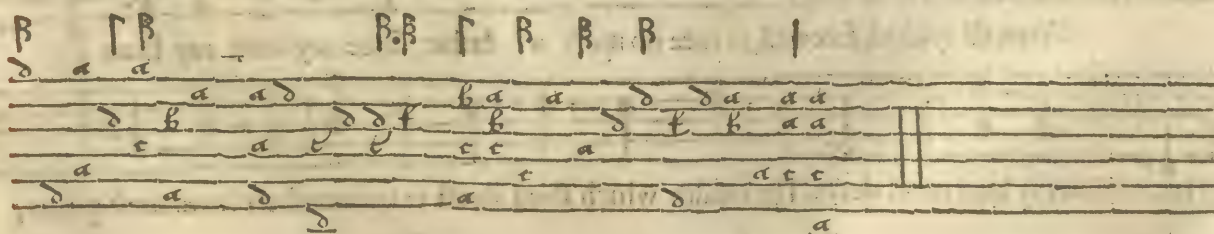
flowe so fast, looke how the snowie mountaines, heau'ns sunne doth gently waste. But my



sunnes heau'n-ly eyes view not your weeping. That nowe

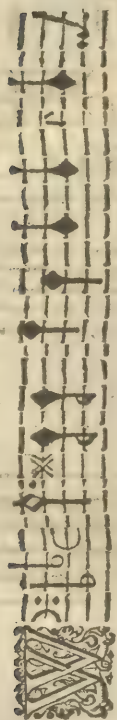


lie sleeping :|| softly :|| now softly lies sleeping.

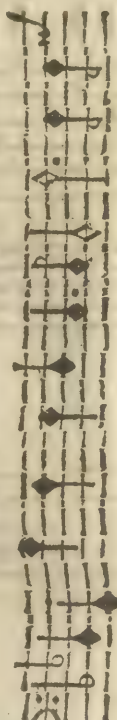


Sleepe is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sunne rise smiling,
When faire at eu'n he sets,
Rest you, then rest sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping :||
Softly :|| now softly lies sleeping.

BASSVS.



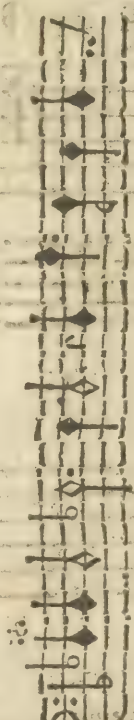
Eepe you no more fad fountaines, what



need you flow what need you flow so fast, look how the



snowy mountaines heau'ns sun doeth gent-ly waste,



But my suns heau'nly eyes view not view not your

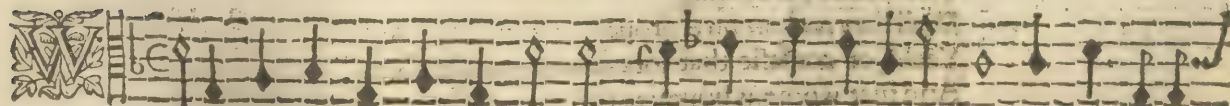


wee ping, your weeping, that now lies sleeping softly

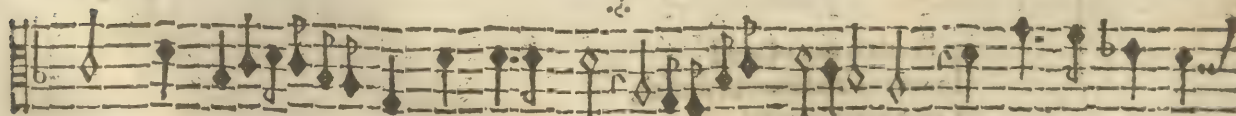


softly, now softly now softly lies sleeping.

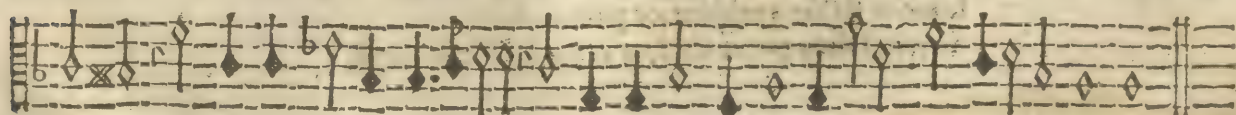
TENOR.



Eep you no more no more fad fountaines, what need you flow so fast, look how the snowy



mountaines, heau'ns sun doeth getly waste, but my suns heau'nly eyes, view not view not your



weeping, that now ly slee-ping, sleeping, y now ly sleeping softly softly now softly ly sleeping.

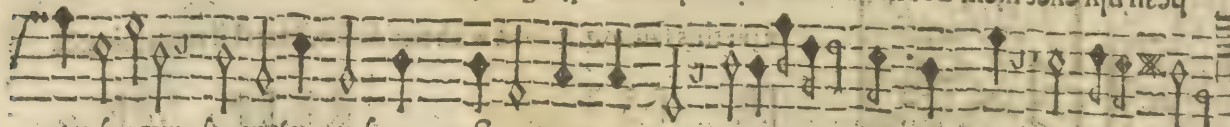
ALTS.



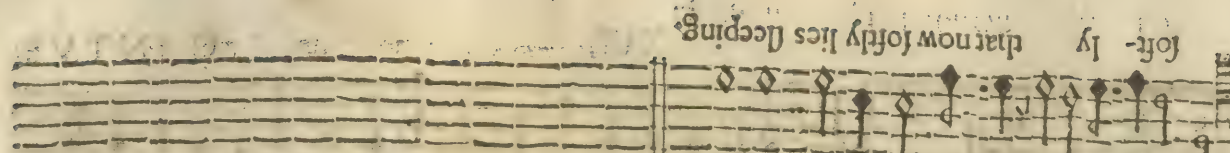
Eepe, weepe you no more fad fountaines, what neede what neede you flow so fast,



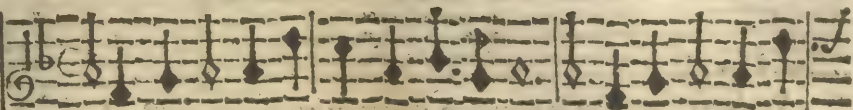
Look how the lowe mountaines heau'ns sun doeth gent-ly waste, but my suns my suns



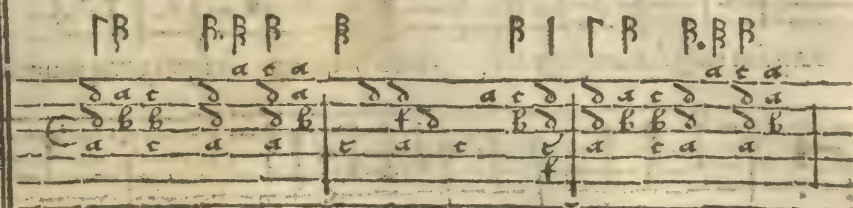
heau'nly eyes view not your wee-ping, that now lie sleeping, that now ly sleeping, softly :||



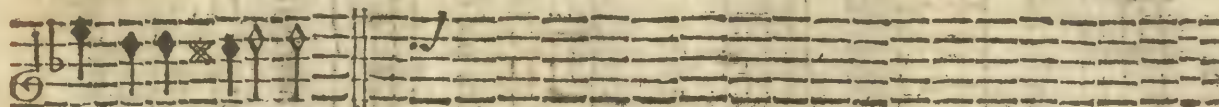
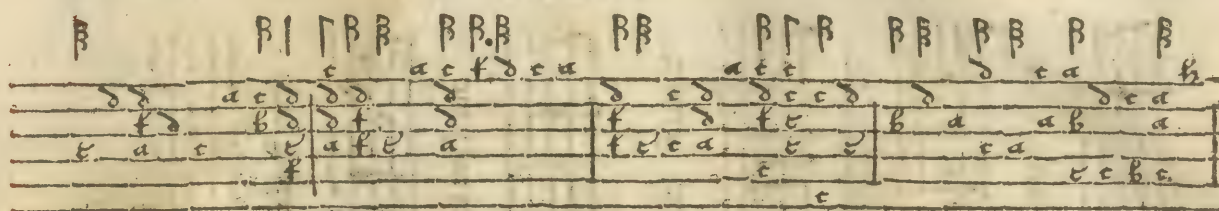
soft-ly that now softly lies sleeping.



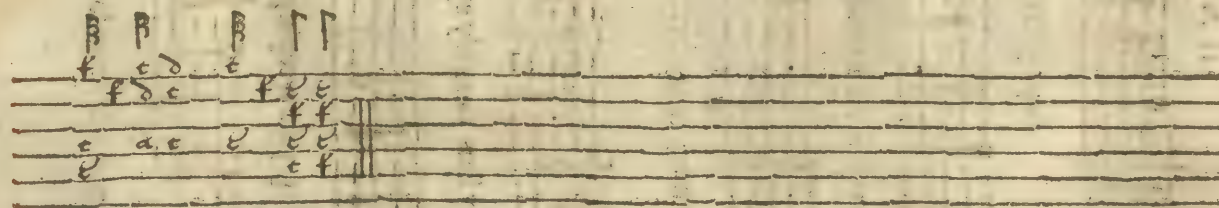
Ie on this faining, is loue without desire, heat still remaining &



yet no sparke of fire? Thou art vntrue, nor wert with fancie moued, for desire hath powre on



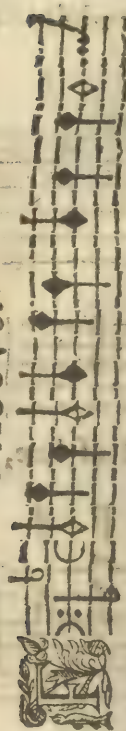
all that e- uer loued,



2 Shew some relenting,
Or graunt thou doest now loue,
Two hearts consenting
Shall they no comforts proue?
Yeeld, or confesse that loue is without pleasure,
And that womens bounties rob men of their treasure,

3 Truth is not placed
In words and forced smiles,
Loue is not graced
With that which still beguiles,
Loue or dislike, yeeld fire, or giue no fuell,
So maist thou proue kind, or at the least lesse cruell,

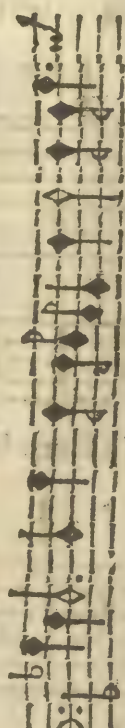
BASSVS.



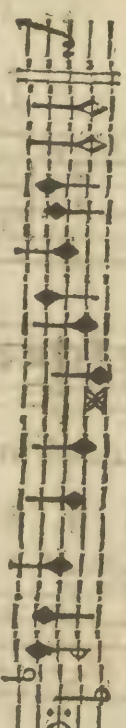
Ie on this faining, is loue without desire,



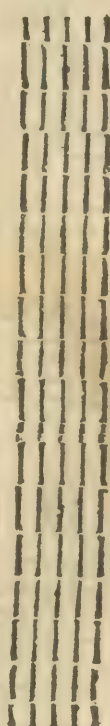
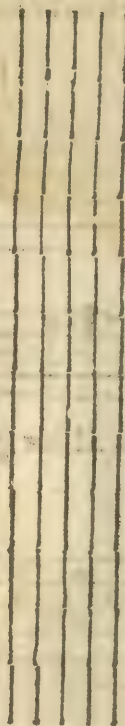
heat still remaining, and yet no sparke of fire? Thou



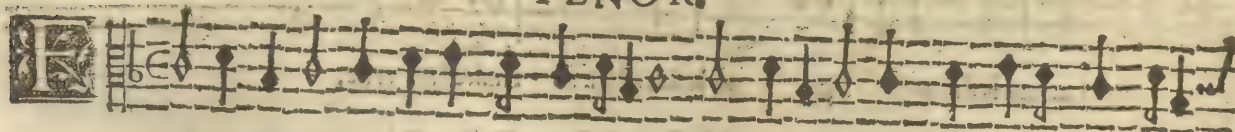
art vntrue, nor wert with fan- cie moued, for desire



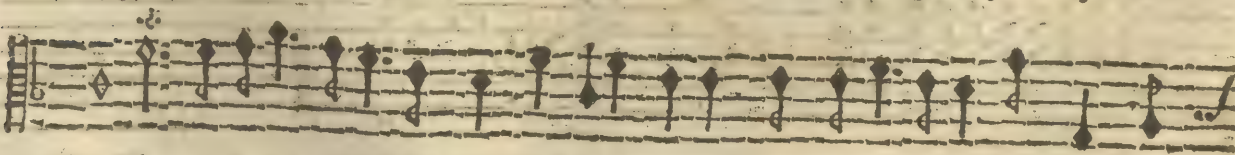
desire hath powre on all on all that euer loued.



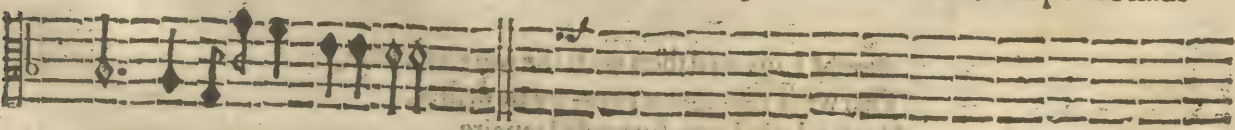
TENOR.



Ie on this faining, is loue without de- fire, heat still remaining and yet no sparke of

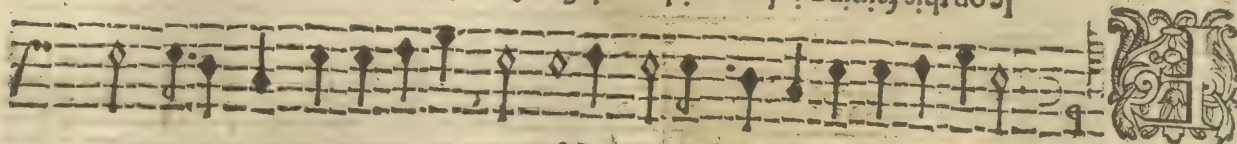


fire? Thou art vntrue, vntrue, nor wert with fancie moued, for desire desire hath powre hath

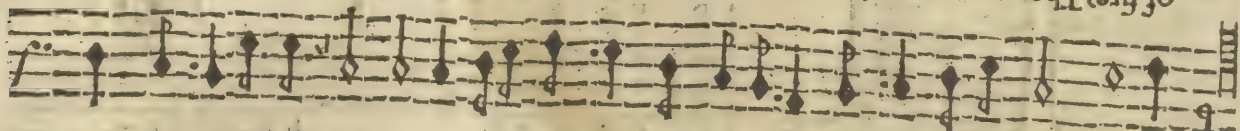


powre on all that euer loued.

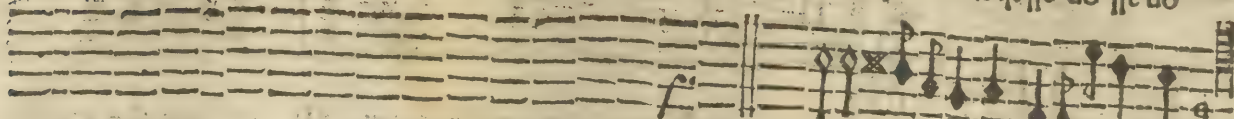
ALTS.



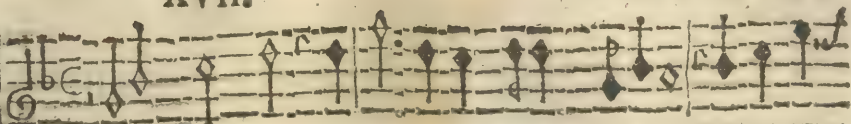
Ie on this faining, is loue without desire: heat still remaining, and yet no sparke



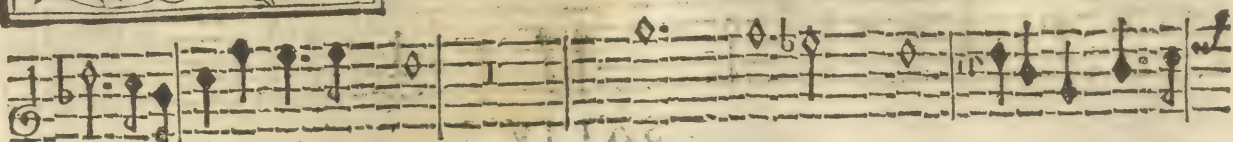
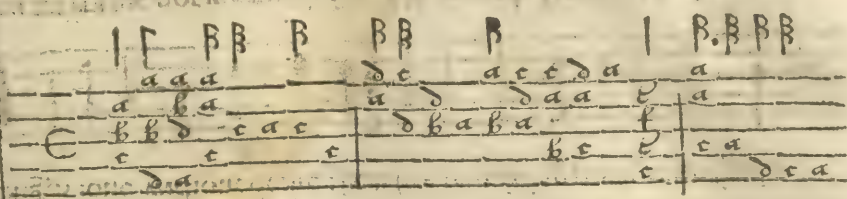
of fire? Thou art vntrue thou art vntrue, nor wert with fan- cie moued, for desire hath powre



on all on all that euer loued.

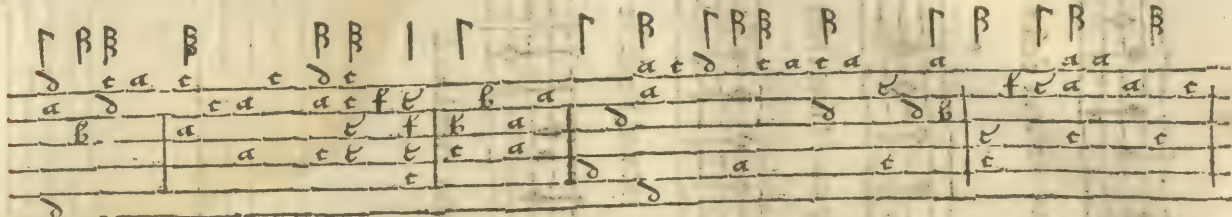


must complaine, yet do enioy :: my loue, she is too

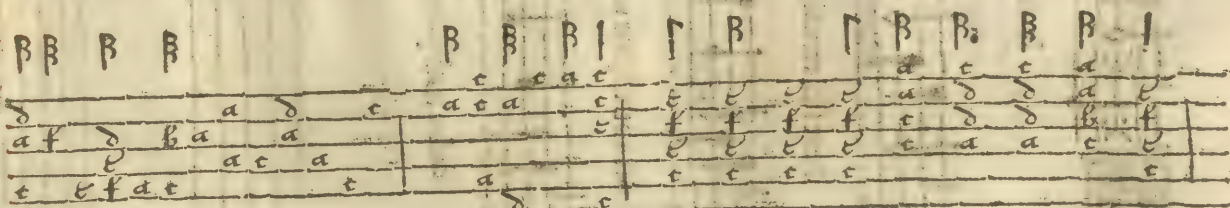


faire, too rich in beauties parts

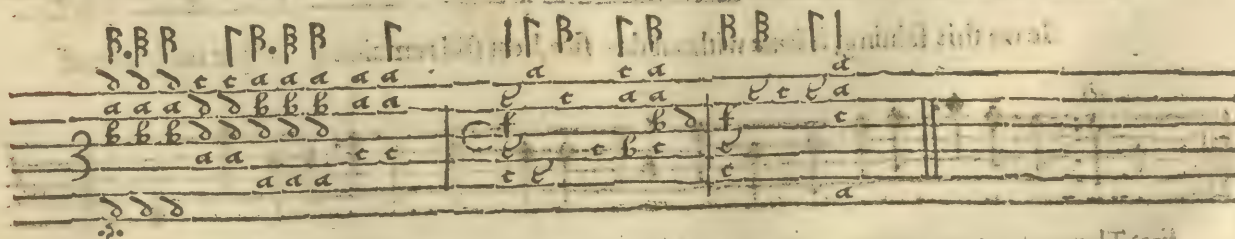
Thence is my grieve for nature while she



stroue with all her graces and deuineſt artes. To forme her too too beautifull of hue,



she had no leifure :: no leifure left to make her true.



Should I agrieu'd then wish she were lesse faire,
That were repugnant to my owne desires,
She is admir'd, new suters still repaire,
That kindles dayly loues forgetfull fires,
Rest iealous thoughts, and thus resolute at last,
She hath more beautie then becomes the chaste.

no leisure left to make her true.

ces, and di- uine- nest artes : to forme her too too beautifull of hue, shee had no leisure

parts: Thence is my grieffe, for nature while shee stroue with all her gra-

must com- plaine, yet do enioy my loue my loue: he is too faire, too rich in beauties

ALTS.

BASS.

must complain, yet do enioy

my loue my loue: shee is too faire, too rich

in beauties parts: thence is my grieffe, for nature

while shee stroue with all her graces & diuine- nest

artes, to forme her too too beautifull of hue:

She had no leisure

no leisure

left to make her true.

TENOR.

must com- plaine yet doe enioy my loue, shee is too faire, too rich in beauties

parts. Thence is my grieffe, for nature while shee stroue with all her graces and diuine- nest

artes, to forme her too too beautifull of hue. Shee had no leisure

no leisure left

to make her true.

to the hie,

faunor me. Of all the swarme I only I on- ly did not thrive, yet brought I wax and hony hony

a silly Bee, who fed on time vntill my heart gan break, yet neuer found the time would

I was a time a time when silly Bees could speake, and in that time I was I was

ALTS.

BASSVS.

T was a time a time whē silly Bees could

speake, and in that time I was a silly Bee, who fed

on time vntill my heart gan break, yet neuer

found the time would faunor me. Of all the swarm

the swarme I one- ly I on- ly did not thrive, yet

brought I waxe and hony to the hie.

TENOR.

T was a time a time whē silly Bees could speak, and in y time I was a sil- ly Bee, who

fed on time vntill my heart gan breake, yet neuer found the time the time would faunor me, of al

the swarme the swarme I only only did not thrive yet brought I waxe & ho- ny to y hie.



He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her

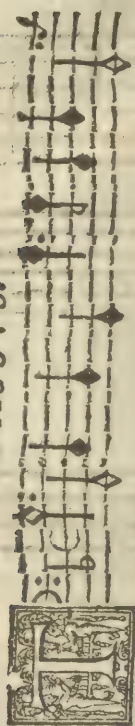
spleene, the little sparke his heate, and slender haire cast shadowes though but small,

and Bees haue stings although they be not great. Seas haue their source, and so haue shallowe

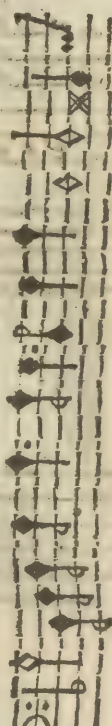
springs, and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

Where waters smootheest run, deep are the foords,
The diall stirres, yet none perceiues it moue:
The firmeest faith is in the fewest words,
The Turtles cannot sing, and yet they loue,
True hearts haue eyes and eares, no tongues to speake:
They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.

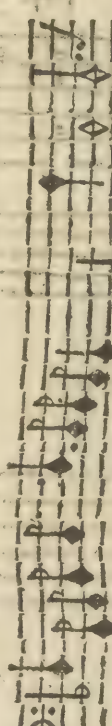
BASSVS.



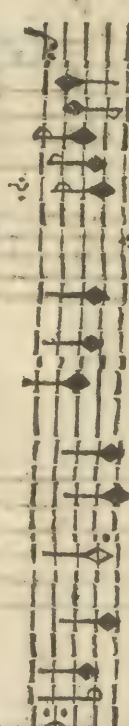
He lowest trees haue tops, the ant her gall,



the flie her spleen, the little spark his heat, and slender



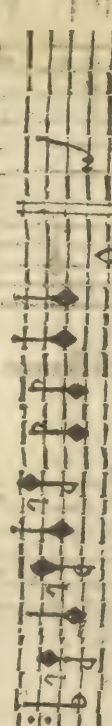
der haire cast shadowes though but small, and



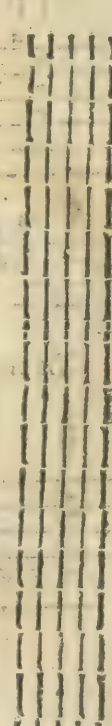
Bees haue stings although they be not great. Seas haue



their source & so haue shallow springs shadow springs



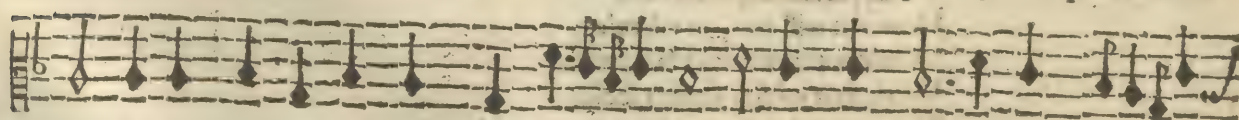
and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.



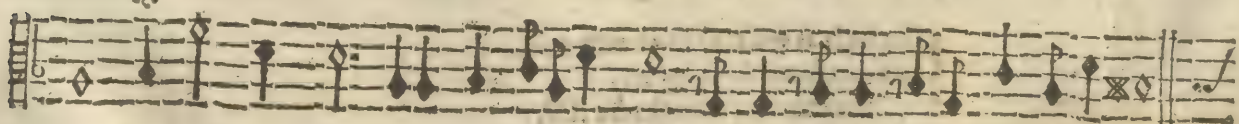
TENOR.



He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her spleen, y little spark his heat

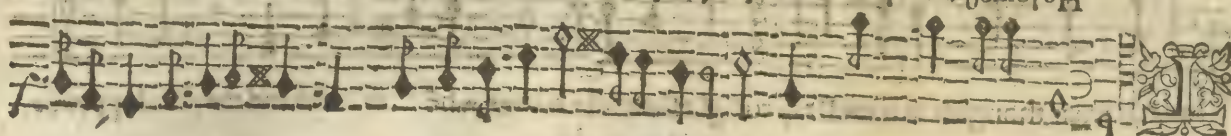


and slender haire cast shadowes, though but small, & Bees haue stings, although they be not

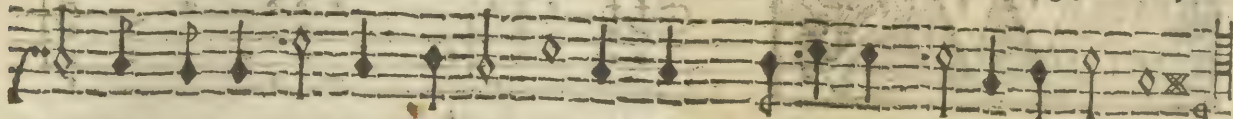


great, Seas haue their source, & so haue shallow springs, & loue is loue in beggers & in kings.

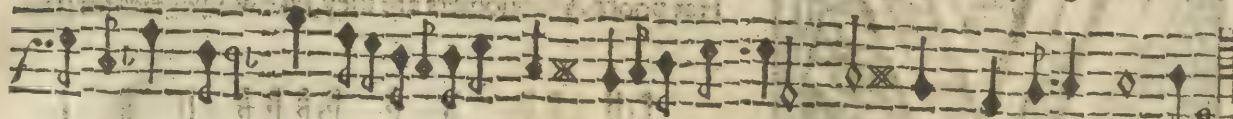
ALIVS.



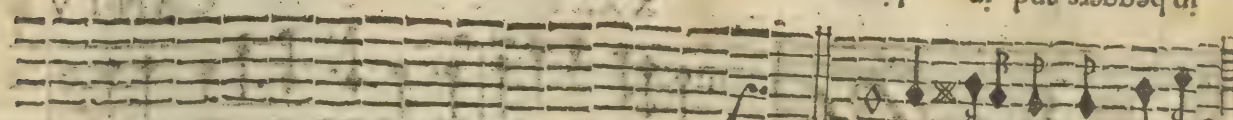
He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her spleen, the little spark his



hear, and slender haire cast shadowes though but small, and Bees haue stings, although they be



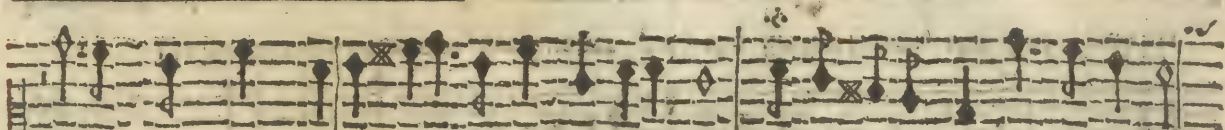
not great, Seas haue their source, & so haue shallow springs shadow springs, and loue is loue



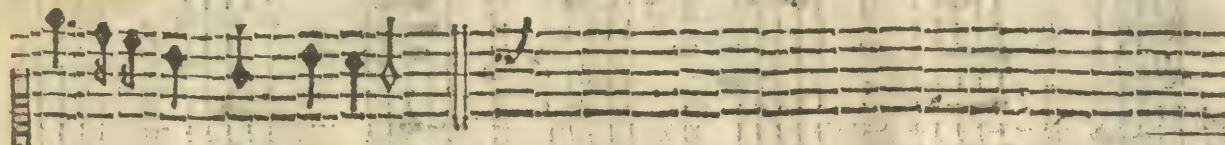
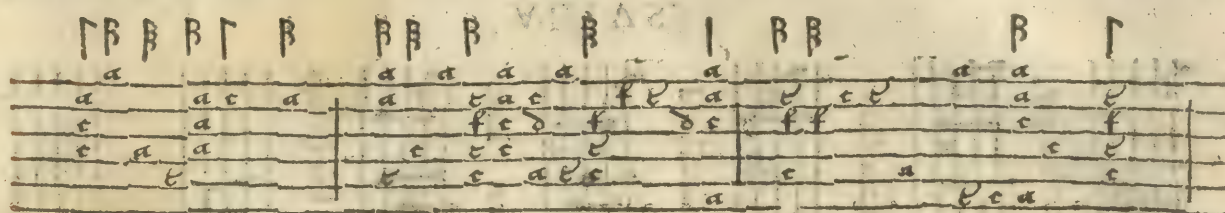
in beggers and in kings.



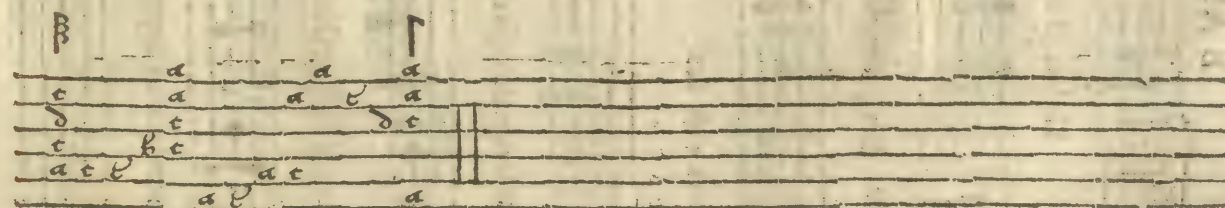
Hat poore Astronomers are they, take womes eies for stars



and set their thoughts in battell ray to fight such idle warres, whē in the end they shal approue,



Tis but a iest drawne out of loue.

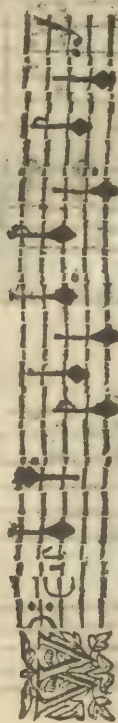


2 And loue it selfe is but a ieast,
Deuise by idle heads,
To catch yong fancies in the neast,
And lay it in fooles beds.
That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
They may be slide ere they be wise,

3 But yet it is a sport to see
How wit will run on wheelles,
While wit cannot perswaded be
With that which reason feelles:
That womens eyes and starres are odde,
And loue is but a fained god.

4 But such as will run mad with will,
I cannot cleare their sight:
But leaue them to their studie still,
To looke where is no light,
Till time too late we make them trie,
They study false Astronomie.

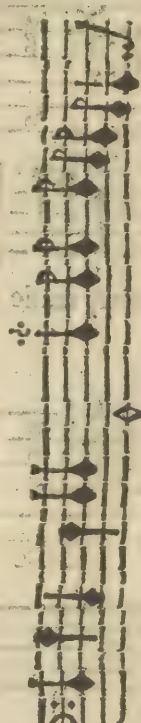
BASSVS.



Harpoore Astronomers are they take wo-



mens eyes for starres, and set their thoughts in battell



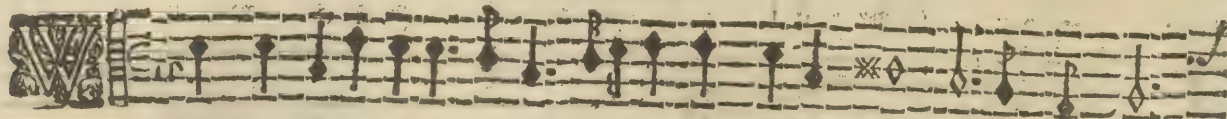
ray to fight such idle warres, when in the end they shall



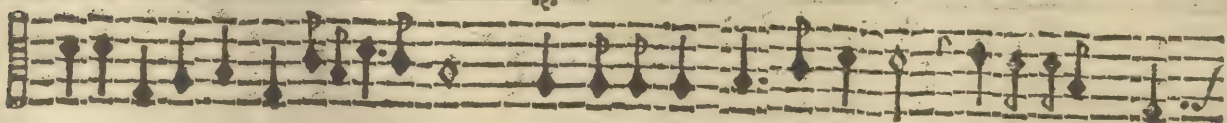
approue, tis but a iest drawne out of loue.



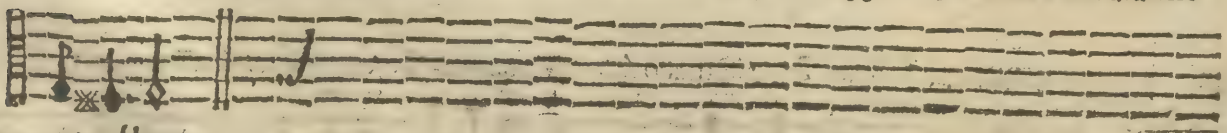
TENOR.



Harpoore Astronomers are they take womens eyes for starres, and set their thoughts



in battell ray, to fight such idle warres. When in the end they shall approue, tis but a iest drawne



out of loue.

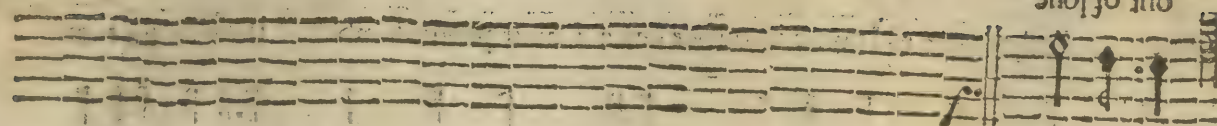
ALTVS.



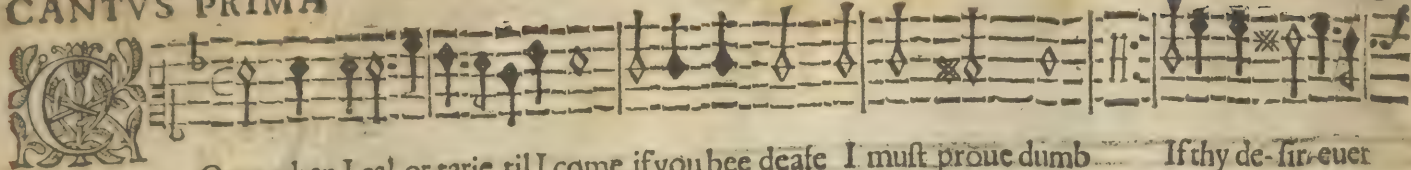
Harpoore Astronomers are they, take womens eyes for starres, and set their thoughts



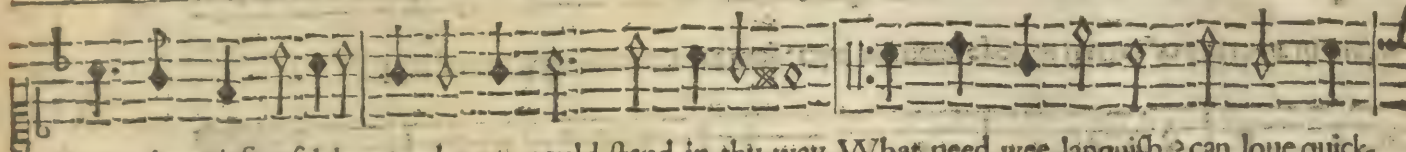
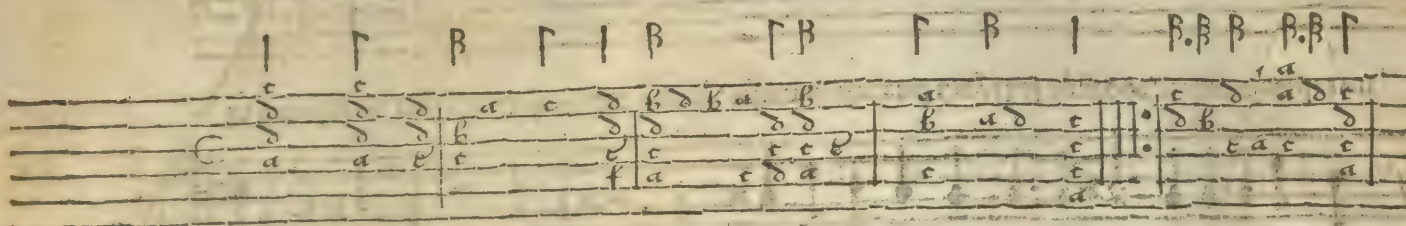
in battell ray, to fight such idle warres, when in the end they shall approue, tis but a iest drawne



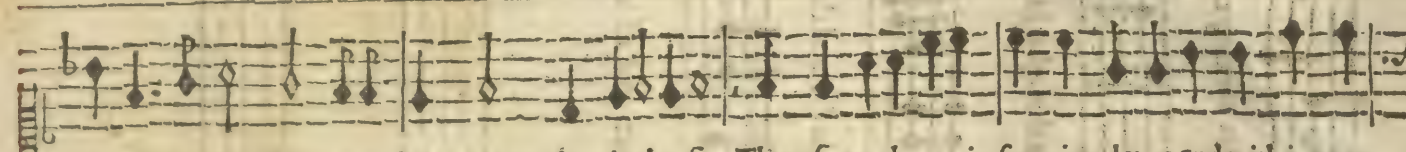
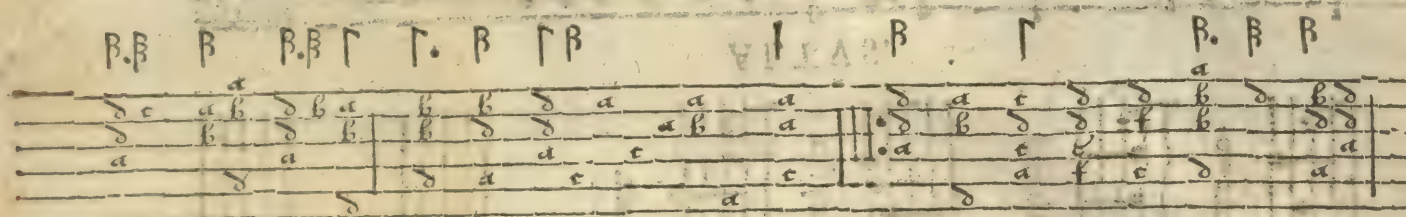
out of loue.



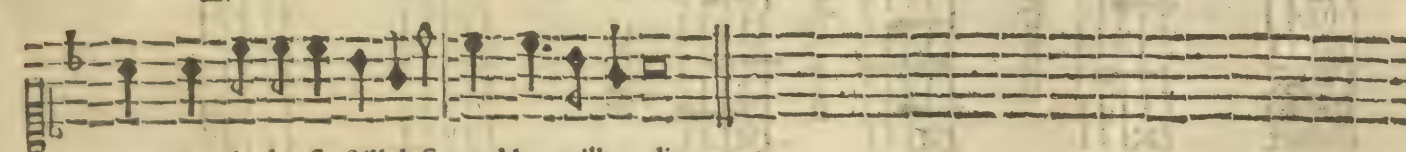
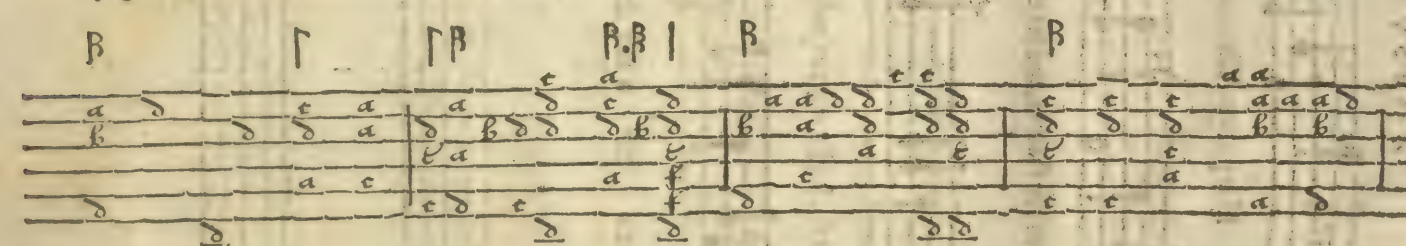
Ome when I cal, or tatie til I come, if you bee deafe I must proue dumb If thy de- fir- euer



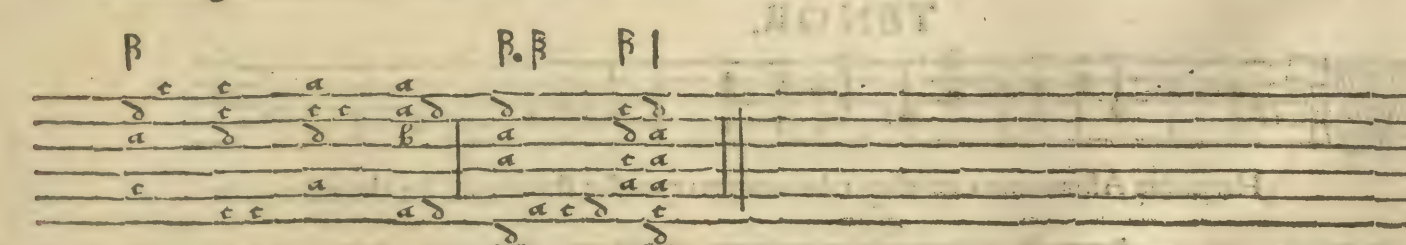
knew the grieffe of delay, no danger could stand in thy way. What need wee languish? can loue quick-



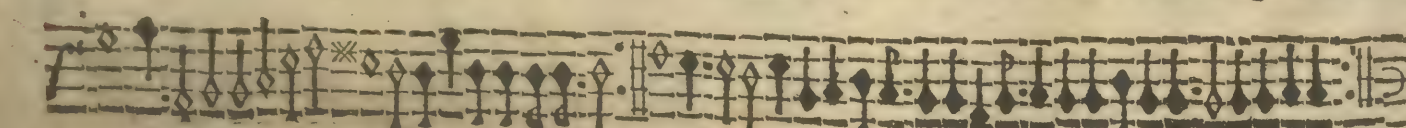
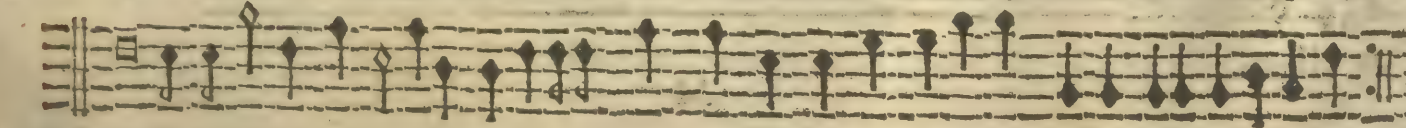
ly quickly flie: feare euer hurts more then ieaiousie. Then securely enuie scorning, let vs end with ioy our



mourning, ieaiousie still defie, and loue till we die.

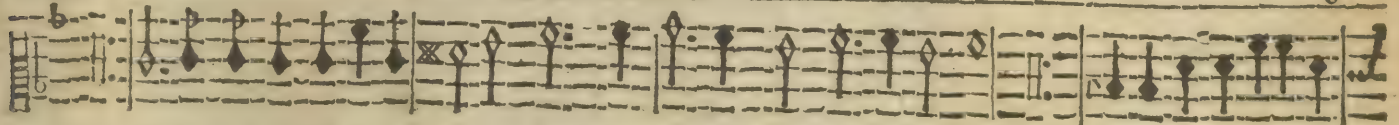
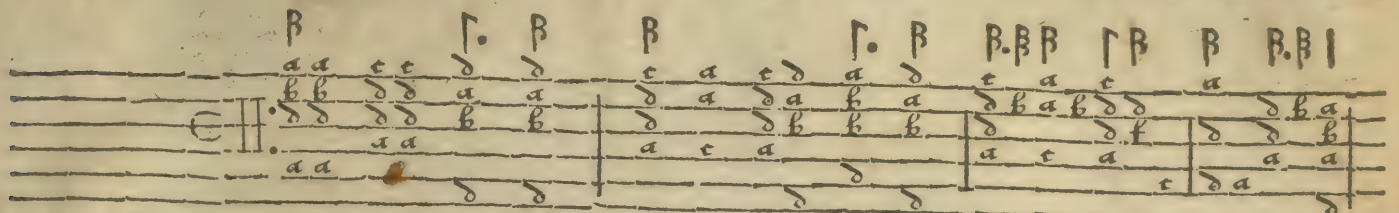


Then securely enuie scorning, let vs end with ioy our mourning, ieaiousie still defie, & loue :||: till we die.

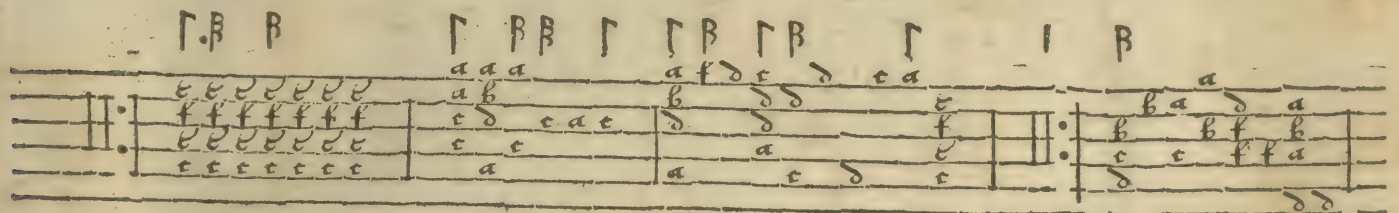




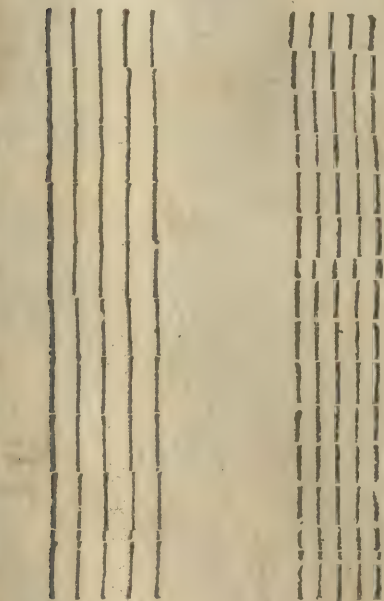
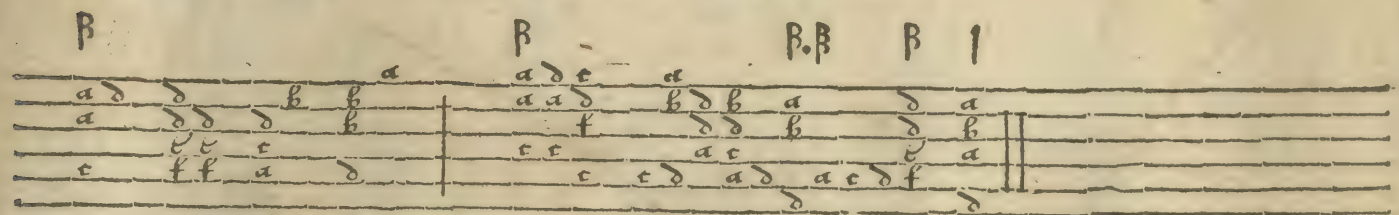
Tay a while my heau'nly ioy, I come with wings of loue, when enuious eyes time shal remoue



O die not, ad this sorrow to my grieffe that languish here, wanting relief. Then securely enuy scor-



ning, let vs end with ioy our mourning, iea losie still desie and loue till we die.



Dialogue. BASSVS.

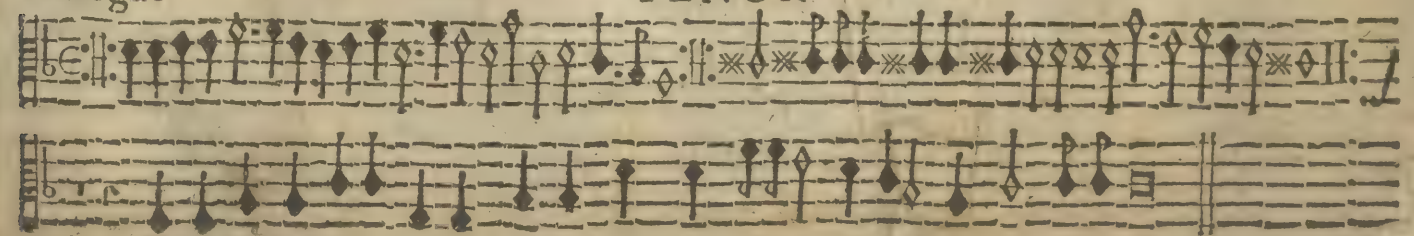
loue and loue till wee die.

with ioy our mourning, iea losie still desie, and

The securely enuy scorning, let vs end

Dialogue.

TENOR.



Enuie scorning let vs end with ioy our mourning, iea losie still desie, and loue till we die.





